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THE SIRDAR'S CAMEL CORPS.

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In the piping times of peace, when the Egyptian Frontier Force was stationed at Wadi Halfa, with its outpost at Sarras, the conditions of service in the Camel Corps were no lighter than in time of actual warfare.

To east and west of the Nile our posts were stationed at the oases of Murat and Sheb, 150 miles of waterless desert each way intervening; the Dervishes held the Dongola province, with their outpost at Suarda, threatening the above-mentioned desert posts, raiding the defenceless Nile villages north of Halfa, and once even penetrating as far north as the oasis of Beris. Thus was the need of an active Camel Corps emphasised, and when the Dervishes were on the move and the intelligence department 'jumpy,' the 'desert policeman's life was not always a happy one'; and this was especially the case in the winter of 1895-6, just before the Dongola expedition was decided upon.

The Camel Corps for a long time consisted solely of Egyptian fellaheen, two companies being stationed at Wadi Halfa and one at Suakin. In 1893, however, it was decided to form a Sudanese Camel Corps; and the present commanding officer, Brevet Lieut.-Colonel Tudway, who had been in command of the Mounted Infantry at Cairo, joined the Egyptian army for the purpose of raising these new companies. At the time of the Dongola campaign, the Camel Corps consisted of three black companies and three Egyptian, and was subsequently increased to four of each kind. Each company was normally 100 strong, with a native

captain and two subalterns, and there were five English officers—namely, the commanding officer, called the ‘Bey,’ and four *bim-bashieh*, or majors, the normal arrangement being that each English officer should be responsible for two companies. There were also two native adjutant-majors, who acted as staff officers to the Bey, and were the two senior native officers of the Corps.

I cannot pass these two by without mention; they were brothers, Suliman and Mustapha Abdullah, most gallant, soldier-like men, of Kurdish race. They had served in the Turkish army at Plevna, and had seen a great deal of fighting in Egypt in the earlier days of Mahdism. Poor Suliman was shot through the knee at Firket in 1896, and died, after his leg had been amputated; while Mustapha, a few days before the final advance to Khartoum, blew the best part of his left hand off while shooting, owing to the bursting of his gun, a cheap ‘Greek’ article. It would be tedious to trace the gradual evolution in equipment brought about by experience; and it will be sufficient to describe the final pattern used. The saddle was of wood throughout, with broad fans, the splay of which could be altered to suit a camel’s back, without much trouble, by the native saddler attached to each company; the pad was removable—leather outside, soft felt inside, the stuffing being of hair, and, by a system of pockets, this hair stuffing could be removed and shifted at will, so as to alter the pressure and prevent it hardening and forming into lumps, the men being taught to constantly remove and pull the stuffing of their saddles.

Each saddle was fitted with one large leather ‘*khorg*,’ or bag, containing six days’ forage, and with two smaller ones containing the rider’s food and spare clothing; besides which each man was provided with two waterskins, to be filled according to requirements. Thus equipped, a seven days’ desert trip could be undertaken, if there were wells containing sufficient to water the camels, about every third day.

The men were armed with a Martini rifle and bayonet, and carried 300 rounds of ammunition, ninety in bandolier and pouches, the remainder on their saddles, sewn in a roughly made saddle cloth, so as to distribute the weight equally. They were clothed in a brown woollen jersey, cord pantaloons, and leather gaiters.

The total weight carried when loaded up for a seven days’ trip, with filled waterskins, would be a good 400 lbs., which, of course, reduced itself daily as forage and water were consumed. Thus

we have a complete and self-contained fighting force, which in its own element, the desert, asks nothing from anyone, which disappears and is swallowed up in the trackless waste, to reappear again, after an interval of six days, having accomplished its task. The camel has been from time immemorial termed the 'ship' of the desert; let us carry the simile further, and call a Camel Corps the 'warship' of the desert, a well-found cruiser. I say a cruiser, weighing the word, as opposed to a line-of-battleship. Lay criticism has found fault with the Camel Corps because, in the late campaign, it did not, uniting both functions, bring them to the pitch of perfection—a military impossibility. Exception has been taken because, in the fight on Kerreri heights, it did not combine the solidity of infantry in defence with the speed of cavalry when a retrograde movement was necessary; was not, in fact, all things to all men. But I hope to be able to show, in the following rough sketch, that the Camel Corps, in addition to its multifarious duties as scouts, pioneers, and transport, held its own in the fighting line and when hard knocks were going. And I hope to show the proof of this in the tough fight in line with Macdonald's Brigade, and in the heavy losses they sustained on this, now famous, occasion. I shall also try to give the readers some faint idea of its desert work—a branch of soldiering but little known, and with hardships and responsibilities that are but little realised. It sounds a simple thing to sit on a camel and be carried along; but there is the Sudan sun to be reckoned with at midsummer, the ceaseless blinding glare of the desert to be borne, and the possibility that, at the end of your march, you may find the wells are dry or in the enemy's possession, and may have to fight for that precious liquid, without which you can neither go forward nor retrace your steps.

Now let us turn to the camel, that much-maligned animal about which so many fallacies have been woven. The Camel Corps camels were most of them of the Bishari breed, bought from the Ababdeh and Bishareen Arabs of the Nubian Desert; but as we advanced further to the south, and as disease and war caused vacancies, we filled up with camels bought from the Arabs of the locality. But none of these, to my mind, were equal to our old stamp of camel; in appearance, endurance, and paces they fell far short. I believe that the Dervish rule has done an immensity of harm to camel-breeding; the tribes were continuously harried and their best stud camels carried off; their stock of

camels was run so low that they had to breed from ill-selected parents; and the carrying trade, by which they lived, was almost at a standstill.

The Arab motto must be 'Excelsior,' because, no matter where one happened to be, one was told that 'foke' (which means 'higher up' or 'further south') everything was on a superior scale. I can honestly say that experience did not justify the truth of this saying, and in no case was its falsity more marked than in the quality of the camels we met with.

The Bishari camel is a smallish beast, very compactly made, with small feet, well adapted to the stones and rocky hills of its native desert, a proudly carried neck, crowned with a bull-dog head and a full, beautiful eye. Do not laugh! A camel's eye is beautiful—no one who has known camels will deny it—far exceeding that of the historical gazelle. The Bishari camel is essentially the camel of the hard stony deserts; on the other hand, his much talked of but little seen cousin, the Anāfi, is the camel of the low-lying, soft countries. They say that the Anāfi has a greater turn of speed, but in endurance is inferior to the Bishari. I believe that the two together make a very fine cross.

There are many fables told about the camel: riding him is supposed to make people seasick; he has the reputation of being very vicious; he is supposed to have several stomachs, and to go for weeks without water as a matter of choice. I can only say that in nearly four years of experience I have never met with a case of seasickness or heard of it; neither have I known a really vicious camel, except when they are in a state called by the Arabs 'saim,' which means 'fasting,' and corresponds to the 'rutting' period in stags. As regards the camel's stomach, I believe it is identically the same as that of any other ruminant, or that, at any rate, there is no formation of stomachs which would enable him to do without water.

His abstinence is merely the result of training; and it is a fallacy to suppose that he is better without water or can work as well. In the Camel Corps we watered our camels every second day in the summer, every third day in winter, giving them their fill of water morning and evening on these days; but if in the summer we expected a long desert march without water, we trained them beforehand by only watering every third day; but I never found that this improved their condition. The Arabs keep their camels longer without water it is true, but then they travel slower and their animals are grazed on soft food, containing a certain amount of moisture; this lowers their

condition, and makes them inferior to a corn-fed camel when hard work and long, fast journeys have to be done.

We always found that if we put a grass-fed Arab camel alongside of ours it failed in work and endurance; if corn-fed it cried out for water as soon and sooner than ours did. I say 'cried out,' because a camel when it wants water moans continually, and there is no more painful sound at night in the desert than the ceaseless moaning of thirsty camels.

Now let us return to Wadi Halfa in 1895. As I have said above, though it was nominally peace time, the Camel Corps was generally pretty actively employed.

The Government had information that lead was being smuggled through to the Dervishes from Lower Egypt, by the Sikket-el-Arbein, or 'the forty days road,' and Camel Corps patrols were constantly at the Sheb post watching the western desert. On one occasion a patrol captured a return smuggling party laden with 'natroon,' or nitre. On another occasion the tracks of the smugglers were found in the desert two days to the west of Sheb, about two hundred miles from the Nile. The Camel Corps patrol got on to these tracks, and followed the smugglers to Girga without touching the Nile, a distance of nearly five hundred miles, capturing most of them.

The Dervishes were also very restless. Wad Bishara was the Emir of Dongola, with Hamuda in command at Suarda—both men with a reputation for activity and zeal.

So, with raids and rumours of raids, the Camel Corps was kept constantly on the move, and 1895 passed away. In March, 1896, the word to advance, which had been waited for so long, was given, and the Egyptian frontier force was ordered to occupy Akasheh. This was done without resistance on the part of the Dervishes. The Camel Corps marched with the first column, the camels laden with supplies and the men leading them. Then, Akasheh having been occupied, they returned again to Halfa, to repeat the process with the next column, and so on, travelling backwards and forwards over the black rocks of the Batu-el-Hagar as transport, or acting—in their proper capacity—as desert scouts. By June the whole Egyptian force was concentrated at or near Akasheh, and on June 7 was fought the battle of Firket. In this action the Camel Corps formed part of Burn-Murdoch's command, which, marching all night by a desert route, completely turned the Dervish position.

The Camel Corps lost as heavily as any one, having some

twenty men killed and wounded, amongst whom was their adjutant-major, Suliman Abdullah, the gallant Kurd mentioned above. After the fight Burn-Murdoch's column moved on to Suarda, which it occupied the following day. Then followed some weary weeks of waiting, the Camel Corps being stationed at Ambigol, and afterwards at Sarras, at which place they suffered a good deal from cholera, and again acted as transport, carrying food to the troops employed in making the railway.

After the occupation of Dongola in September, the Camel Corps went, by forced marches, to Merawi, taking a number of Dervish prisoners, and holding the above place until the arrival of a garrison of occupation. For the next twelve months the Camel Corps, with headquarters at Merawi and detachments at Korti and Debbah, was busily employed in reconnaissance and pioneering work. Both banks of the Nile, in the direction of Abu Hamed, were thoroughly reconnoitred and reported on, during which reconnaissances the battlefield of Kirbekan was several times revisited, and the remains of Colonel Stewart's ill-fated steamer were seen, at low Nile, piled on a sandbank near Hebbah.

At the end of May, 1897, a force of Camel Corps and cavalry reconnoitred as far as Es-Salamat, a Dervish post on the left bank of the river. The Dervishes retired without fighting, but on the return journey their cavalry had a brush with our rearguard. Some few men on each side were killed, and an English officer was speared through the lungs, and had to be carried some eighty miles in this critical condition. In addition to these river reconnaissances, the Bayuda Desert was explored and opened up, patrols going from Dongola down the Wadi el-Kab to the wells of Mahtul and Umbeleela; from Debbah to those same wells, and to Kofriat; from Korti to Gakdul, and to the wells of Um Toob, Bayuda, and Abu Seyal; and from Merawi to Gakdul, Sarni, and subsequently to Gora, and across the Bayuda Desert by several routes, as my account will show. At Gakdul were still visible all the traces of the former British occupation: the little paths traced amongst the stones and rocks, the small block-houses and look-out posts, even the circles, where tents had stood, and the ground had been cleared of stones. The graves of Sir Herbert Stewart and of the other Englishmen buried there were found undisturbed, and the Camel Corps repaired them and built a wall round the small cemetery.

The Gillif Hills, in which Gakdul is situated, always struck me as the most interesting place which I visited in the Sudan—great black forbidding masses of rock with numerous 'khors' or glens

running up into them from the outer sea of desert—water everywhere, in wells and springs at the foot of the hills, in large cistern-like pools in the hills themselves. The rainfall at certain times of the year is abundant, and the unwary traveller, who does not pick his camping-ground with circumspection, is apt to find himself overwhelmed in the night by a mighty rush of water, and will be glad to escape with his life. In the hills there are mountain-sheep; in the desert abundance of bustard, gazelle, hares, and sand-grouse.

In August, 1897, Abu Hamed was taken by an Egyptian brigade, and during this operation the Camel Corps was sent, on one of its numerous patrols, to Gakdul, for the purpose of a demonstration in that part of the country. On August 30 two English officers and fifty men of the Camel Corps set out from Merawi to cross the Bayuda Desert, *viâ* the wells of Sarni and Gora, eventually striking the river at the Bagara Cataract, about fifty miles north of Berber. On their arrival here the natives informed them that Berber had been abandoned by the Dervishes, and the next day the gunboats from Abu Hamed passed up the river with troops on their way to occupy the town. This was the first of many trips across this desert, the Sirdar himself crossing by this route a few days afterwards, escorted by 200 Camel Corps. When Berber had been occupied, the route adopted was generally straight across the desert from Sarni, *viâ* Shimaël and Nasb-el-Melh. Soon after this 200 Camel Corps were stationed at Berber, and had a great deal of hard work to do, opening and keeping open the Suakin road and other duties of a like nature; but they had their reward, as they came in for all the fighting with Mahmoud's army, which culminated with the Atbara, whilst their less fortunate comrades were left in the Dongola province.

On or about December 20 the Mahmoud bubble burst, and it was known that he was marching with an army from Khartoum to wipe out the accursed Turks! All at Merawi was then bustle and scurry and hurrying of troops to reinforce the Berber garrison. The infantry were sent down the river to Kirma, thence by train to Wadi Halfa, and from Wadi Halfa by the desert railway to Berber. The cavalry and artillery went by march route—some by the river-bank to Abu Hamed and thence to Berber, others marching straight to Berber across the Bayuda Desert. In either case the Camel Corps was called on, and we escorted the desert column across, carrying water and forage for the horses, food, water, and baggage for the men; and, with the river column, we carried the food, forage, and baggage, and also the reserve

ammunition of the artillery—no light task, as it required several trips and the loads were heavy, as also were our hearts when we saw our carefully tended camels again sacrificed on the altar of necessity.

Then followed several months of weary waiting, anxious inquiry, and conjecture. Were we to be left behind in the Dongola province? Alas! it seemed too probable. That long strip of exposed country, with its desert frontier, was too tempting a morsel to offer to the Khalifa's raiding parties stripped of its natural defence, the desert corps. And so the event proved. Let us draw a veil over that unhappy time. In the meanwhile the writer was sent, in February, 1898, to Debbeh with two companies of Camel Corps; and the remainder of the Corps, with headquarters, was stationed in the old English huts near Korti. And so we spent the spring and early summer. On July 25 the Debbeh detachment received orders to rejoin headquarters; so, on the following day, we departed, and reached our destination on the 27th. Here we found that the long-wished-for orders had arrived, and that on August 1 we were to start to join the army, marching across the desert *viâ* Gakdul to Metemmeh. We were to take with us a squadron of Egyptian cavalry, and for their baggage and water we were to buy camels from the Arabs. Hereby hangs a tale, which is too long to relate. Suffice it to say that we started on our eight days' desert march with some two hundred of the veriest nightmares of camels, and heard, when halfway across, that our loyal sheikh had driven some two thousand head of good camels into an inaccessible part of the country to avoid giving any to us. The order of marching was as follows: two columns started simultaneously from Korti and from Merawi, to meet at Abu Halfa, a well about twelve miles from Gakdul. The Korti column consisted of four companies of Camel Corps; the Merawi column of one company of Camel Corps, one squadron of cavalry, and the afore-mentioned Arab camels, carrying water, forage, and baggage for the cavalry, and driven by a detachment of men from an Egyptian infantry battalion.

The Merawi route was selected for the cavalry, because it is the better watered of the two.

The writer was with the Korti column; and on August 1, at 2 P.M., we started, glad indeed to leave that dreary Dongola province in which we had dragged out nearly two years of our existence. It was always the custom in the Camel Corps, when

possible, to make a march of only a few miles on the first day of a patrol. This plan allowed one to start in the afternoon, and therefore gave time in the morning for all preparations to be made without hurry; and the short march allowed things to shake into their places, and disclosed weak points and bad loading before any damage was done. And so, on this occasion, after four hours' marching, we halted for the night.

It may not be amiss to describe a Camel Corps bivouac. From long and constant experience of these matters we had arrived at a certain pitch of excellence, and we rather prided ourselves on the way we did things. The Bey, having selected a halting-place, gave the Turkish word of command to form quarter-column on the leading section, which was halted and dressed.

Each successive section conforming, all having formed up, the word to dismount was given, and each man springing down ran out to his place ready to pile arms, the leading company piling in front of the column and the rear behind the column; whilst the central companies piled on the flanks, right-half companies on the right, left-half on the left. Arms having been piled and guards posted, the equipment was taken off the camels and each man's blanket and belongings laid down in his place behind the piles, his waterskins being hung on tripods. Then the camels were made comfortable, each section having a long picketing rope, to which the camels were tied down by the head, girths were slackened, and the men went out and cut grass, or whatever the country afforded, for their beasts.

All this takes long to tell, but in practice occupied only some five minutes of time. In the meanwhile the Bey's pennon had been planted in the ground at a convenient distance, and had become a rallying-point for the English officers' servants, who were all busying themselves for their masters' comforts. The cook was making a fire and preparing dinner. Each servant had scraped a hollow in the sand and spread his master's blanket thereon; a change of linen was laid out, a bucket of water placed handy. On the light wooden tripod were hung waterbottles, haversack, field-glasses, &c., all in far less time than it takes to tell. Everything is now *en train*, and a little time is given for settling down; then the feed is sounded, and stables are the order of the day. Every camel is inspected, his back looked at, and his appetite watched. Any necessary alterations in the

stuffing of saddles are noted, and justice is administered when required. Then comes a well-earned meal, a pipe, and so to bed. The saddles are taken off the camels as soon as their backs are dry and placed in rows, any alterations which are necessary being made. The men sleep in their places in the ranks, and with their rifles beside them if the occasion demands such a precaution.

On August 2 we marched at 4 A.M., halted from 8.30 to 1.30, and then, after four hours' marching, halted for the night. It was an intensely hot day, and the monotony was broken during our midday halt by a heavy sandstorm. Off again at 4 A.M. on the 3rd, and after two hours' marching we reached a well called Um Raghéewa, which means literally 'the mother of the little bubbling.' Here it was decided that we should water the camels, so to work we went. The well was a very deep one, and as the supply of water seemed limited every camel was allowed to do little more than wash his mouth out. It was a very long business, occupying seven hours and a half. When finished we marched again till five o'clock, halting for the night at a place called Howaieer, where there was abundance of Halfa grass for the camels. This was a hard day's work, the long hours standing about in the sun, superintending the watering operations, being especially tiring. The next day we marched at the usual hour, and, after halting for three hours and a half in the middle of the day, we finally reached Abu Halfa at 4.30 P.M. Here we joined hands with our Merawi column, which arrived a short time before we did. Abu Halfa is a valley or khor running up into the Gillif Hills, with springs and also a large pool of rain water. As it was doubtful whether Gakdul would supply all our force with water, we decided to give the camels a drink here, which task was accomplished by about 9 P.M. In the meantime thunder had been muttering in the hills all around us, and during dinner a smart shower fell; then at about ten o'clock, with a roar, down came the flood, filling the dry bed of the 'khor' with a foaming, rushing torrent, as broad as the Thames at Oxford, and giving us a thigh-deep wade when we pursued our journey the next morning.

We reached Gakdul at 7.30 A.M. on August 5, our *cortège*, which consisted of some eight hundred camels and horses, nearly filling the curious rocky cauldron.

From Gakdul onwards the writer had charge of the transport camels, which necessitated longer marching hours. Accordingly we marched at midnight, laden with tanks which had been filled with water at Gakdul. The Camel Corps passed us at about

9 A.M., having marched from Gakdul two hours after us. The cavalry remained at Gakdul till the evening of the 6th, so as to do their journey to our water depôt in the cool. At 1 P.M. my convoy reached Gebel Nus, having been thirteen hours on our road, continuous marching. Here we put down our water tanks, ready for the arrival of the cavalry, who came in about 10 P.M., watered and fed, and started again for Abu Klea ('Teléhh') at about midnight. At 3 A.M. on the 7th, having loaded up our now empty water tanks, we again took the road, reaching Abu Klea at about 1.30 in the afternoon. Here a disappointment awaited us. The wells were empty, though Ibrahim, Sheikh of the Jaalin friendlies, had not only assured us that there was lots of water, but had also solemnly undertaken to have all the wells opened and cleaned out.

Well, there was nothing for it but to dig, and to work we went, scooping out water by saucersful, and after some eight hours of such work every camel had had a few swallows of the precious liquid.

A 3 o'clock start, and at 11 A.M. on August 8 we topped the ridge overlooking Metemmeh, and feasted our eyes on the Nile, after eight days' abstinence. Metemmeh had been put to the sword by Mahmoud a year previously; men, women, children, and animals had been slaughtered wholesale, and the sights and smells we passed through to reach the Nile beggar all description. Here we met our two companies which had been on the Berber side, and also our old friends of the cavalry, who generously celebrated our *réunion* with a banquet. The next morning was a 'Europe' one, and we did not start till eleven o'clock, parting with our old guide, one Fadil, of the Hassania tribe, and embarking on some new ones of Jaalin extraction—a most unsatisfactory exchange. Fadil was a charming old man, a pure Arab, and the best I ever met; he had had an adventurous life, and was covered with scars, and half maimed with honourable wounds. He had also the distinction of assisting with a fellow tribesman named Zeki in the rescue of Slatin Pasha. His successors were a mongrel-looking crew, half Arab half negro, and wholly exasperating. Four o'clock found us at Habagi, making all snug for the night. The next day at noon we reached Nasri Island, where we found only a small force, and heard that the two Black Brigades were at Wad Habeshi, and going to move to Wad Hamed.

This place we reached on the 11th, and settled down for some days whilst the concentration of the army went steadily on.

About a quarter of a mile south of the camp a ridge of black rocks ran from the river to a distance of about half a mile into the desert; here it was decreed that the Camel Corps should find a daily outpost of two companies under an English officer, mounting before daybreak and retiring at sunset. On August 16 the British troops began to arrive, and on the 23rd the Sirdar held a review of his whole force. On the 24th the writer was detached with one company to go with the advanced portion of the army, which consisted of two Sudanese and one Egyptian brigade, one battery, four Maxims, and one squadron, the whole under Major-General Hunter.

On the 25th we reached Gebel Royan, where a halt was made for some days and the force again concentrated.

From now onwards reconnaissance work was the order of the day, and the Camel Corps, in conjunction with the Egyptian Cavalry and the 21st Lancers, formed a screen in front of the advancing host.

On August 30 Sheik-et-Taib was reached, and the next day the force pushed on towards Kerreri, where the 21st Lancers came into contact with the Dervish outpost.

September 1 was a red-letter day in the annals of reconnaissance by mounted troops. Seldom, if ever, has such a slender force drawn out such a vast army, and been privileged to watch them and their movements, to gaze at their huge array uninteruptedly, to draw them almost to within speaking distance, and then to retire leisurely trailing in its wake an armed host thirty times its strength.

At daybreak we started from camp: Egyptian Cavalry, Camel Corps, Horse Battery, and two galloping Maxims. As we topped the high ground near Kerreri, the word went round that a large throng had been seen moving out of Omdurman, and soon, from a slight eminence, we could see through our glasses an indistinct mass which some declared to be banners, others mirage. However, our leaders appeared satisfied as to the nature of things in our front, and soon after passing the scene of next day's battle, we headed desertwards, crossed Khor Shambat, our camels slithering and slopping through the boggy soil, and after some time swung to our left and brought up behind a conical hill. From the top of this eminence a magnificent panorama awaited us. In front stretched Omdurman: a long low line of mud houses, the dome of the Mahdi's tomb gleaming white in the distance to our right front. To our left front, and some way north of the city near the

river bank, we could see the 21st Lancers, their advanced posts bickering and skirmishing with knots of Dervish horsemen; between them and the town larger bodies of these same Baggara riders were moving about in the low-lying bogland, their huge spears flashing back the rays of the sun. Between us and the houses stretched a long and deep array of warriors, formed up behind their countless banners. Soon they began to advance in wonderful formation; their shouts grew audible, our scouts were driven in, and it became evident that it was time to quit, so homewards we turned. The cavalry led and also protected the exposed flank; then came the guns, followed by the Camel Corps, half a squadron forming a rearguard. The Dervishes came on with incredible rapidity, and as we retired they swung their left forward, changing their front with marvellous regularity, and gradually forming a line almost at right angles to their original one. Soon they were swarming over the hill we had just left, and their cavalry scouts were snapping at our heels, exchanging occasional shots with our rearguard. When we got into the deep ground our rate of progression sensibly decreased, and our pursuers gained on us. It was an exciting moment, and a scene never to be forgotten. Then as we gradually cleared the bad soil and the going improved we forged ahead, and the Dervishes, whether sensible that their pursuit was hopeless, or stung by the loss of one of their leaders, suddenly broke out into a general burst of firing which lasted several minutes, and, extraordinary to relate, did no damage, though the range was not prohibitive.

From this point we quickly increased our lead, and our pursuers dropped further and further behind until we topped the rising ground near Gebel Surgham and lost them altogether. We found the whole Anglo-Egyptian force at the village of Egeiga, busily engaged in forming a zereba and in throwing up a slight entrenchment.

It had been reported that the Dervishes were advancing to attack, but this was subsequently contradicted, and it was known that our enemies had lighted fires and were settling down for the night, about four miles away from us. Daylight found us sitting in our saddles, to the south of Kerreri hill, awaiting events; cavalry patrols were out, and as the light improved we anxiously scanned the enemy's probable line of approach. Soon a bustle was discernible in our advanced cavalry, messengers came galloping back, and gradually the enemy hove in sight, our contact squadron falling back before them.

They seemed more numerous than on the previous day, and filled the whole horizon, stretching away into the desert, a perfect forest of banners and gleaming spear points, their distant shouts mingling in a dull roar like that of surf beating on the sea shore.

Orders came for the mounted brigade to hold the Kerrei heights, so we retired to their northern slopes, where we dismounted and, leaving our camels with their customary escort, took up a position for defence. Six companies held the crest line at different points, our numbers being too few for a continuous line of defence; two companies were in reserve below the crest; there were also some squadrons of dismounted cavalry with the horse artillery battery in position on our left. The Dervishes seemed soon to become aware of our presence, and a huge body of them, some twelve or fifteen thousand strong, broke off from the main army and came straight for us. This force, we afterwards heard, was under Ali Wad Helu, and its mission was to make a turning movement, and come down on the northern flank of the Anglo-Egyptian position. As on the previous day the rate of the Dervish advance was incredibly swift, and our fire seemed to have no more effect in checking them than if we had been armed with peashooters. They came on like the waves of the sea, and it was evident that we must retire or be overwhelmed. Gradually we withdrew to our camels, and hardly had the last company mounted than the Dervishes appeared over the crest line we had just vacated, and came rushing down the northern slope, firing as they advanced. We retired slowly and in good order, exposed to a heavy fire, which fortunately seemed to be aimed too high. In the meantime the cavalry had formed up and seemed to be preparing to charge to extricate us if the necessity arose, which it fortunately did not, though the foremost ranks of our enemies must have been within three hundred yards of our rear. Two guns of the horse battery had also taken up a position on some rocks, about a quarter of a mile to the north, and were throwing shrapnel into the Dervish groups. We gained these rocks and were expecting to dismount and take up a fresh position, when we received orders to find our way back to the zereba, so we turned our camels' heads south again, and retraced our steps on a line parallel to our late line of retreat, and nearer to the river bank. Thus the leaden hail smote us on our right cheeks, but again seemed badly aimed, or we should have been decimated. Two gunboats then steamed down and, tying up to the bank, opened fire on the Dervishes, throwing their shells over our heads. So we neared the zereba, and our enemies drew off

northwards in pursuit of the cavalry. In this incident the Camel Corps lost about twenty men killed and wounded—an extraordinarily small loss considering the fire we had been exposed to and the large target we afforded when mounted.

When we arrived at the zereba we found that the fighting there was over, and that the Dervishes had been repulsed with heavy loss. Soon the order was given to advance on Omdurman, and preparations for departure were accordingly made. Our wounded were sent on to the hospital boats, the men's pouches and bandoliers refilled with cartridges, and we mounted and rode out, an Egyptian brigade being left at the village.

We took up our position on the desert flank of the army, and, gradually overhauling Macdonald's Brigade, marched on its right front. As we advanced we passed over part of the late battlefield, strewn with corpses and with wreckage of all description; but our men behaved admirably, and, though loot is to a black man as honey to a fly, not a man moved from his place in the ranks or attempted to dismount and acquire anything, or even noticed the wounded Dervishes, who fired on us as we rode past them. In the meantime our friend of the morning, Ali Wad Helu, with his force, had gone north and had not returned, and, as we rode south, many glances were thrown over our shoulders in his probable direction. Soon the glint of a spear or two sparkled on the northern skyline, and before long his returning banners topped the horizon.

Hardly had this fact been brought home to us when a strong force of the enemy appeared in our front, barring our further advance and charging swiftly down upon us. 'Sections about!' was the word, and we drew back in rear of Macdonald's rapidly forming brigade, dismounted, and formed up, the four black companies prolonging the infantry line to the right, the four Egyptian companies in column in rear of the exposed flank. The writer was with the Egyptian companies, and, as the Dervishes drew near, their fire—which was, as usual, high—dropped thickly amongst us. It was a magnificent sight, and the splendid courage of the Dervishes and their absolute indifference to death could not but fill one with admiration.

About this time the writer found himself on his face in the sand, with a feeling as though someone had hit him in the ribs with a loaded stick, knocking all the wind out of him. A young Turkish officer picked him up, saying, 'Malaish! Shid a hailak!' ('Never mind! Buck up!')—too good advice not to be followed.

Meanwhile Ali Wad Helu's force had been approaching, and was forming up in the desert to our right rear. Their shots, too, were dropping amongst us, and preparations had to be made to face the situation. Macdonald began his famous change of front, and the Camel Corps mounted and moved off to again prolong his line to the right.

Of further events I can only speak from hearsay, as, when we had dismounted again and were forming up in our new alignment, a second wound sent me to the hospital barge. I passed on my way part of the 11th Soudanese, moving in fours in rear of Macdonald's Brigade to take their place in the changed front, also the 1st British Brigade, moving to Macdonald's assistance.

It is now a matter of history how successful Macdonald's tactics were, and how Ali Wad Helu's attack was crushed. I should only like to point out that most of the accounts and sketches of the fight are misleading as to the position of the Camel Corps. No doubt the camels caught the eye, and led to the conclusion that the men were with them—*i.e.* some distance in rear of Macdonald's Brigade; whereas, in fact, throughout the fight the men, dismounted, were in line with the infantry, only returning to their camels for the short move necessitated by the change of front. In this phase of the fight the Camel Corps lost about sixty men, bringing their total loss to some eighty killed and wounded, or a proportion of about twelve per cent.

After the battle the Camel Corps started in pursuit of the Khalifa, and some days after their return from this fruitless errand they were sent off to Gedarif. Returning from thence to Omdurman, they again started off, with Colonel Kitchener's force, to reconnoitre the Khalifa's position; and here we must leave them.

I hope that the foregoing account will give some slight idea of the organisation and duties of the Camel Corps and of the part it has played in the reconquest of the Sudan. The work it has done has not been of that kind which catches the eye, and their lot has generally been to labour far removed from the ken of those who write history. But I hope and think that their service has been useful to the cause; and I know that those who have been privileged to share in it will never cease to be proud of such service, and will look back with gratification to the days spent with the Camel Corps, and more especially to the work done in that strange and untravelled country, the desert.

THE SHAKESPEARE FIRST FOLIO:¹

SOME NOTES AND A DISCOVERY.

I.

It might be salutary for lovers of literature to consecrate, as was done with saints in mediæval times, an annual day to Shakespeare's memory.² For that purpose I would not recommend April 23, his reputed birthday. In the republic of letters the birthday of a great author is a date of smaller moment than the day on which his greatest work is placed in the hands of readers. In Shakespeare's case that date was not reached in his lifetime. A comparatively small portion of Shakespeare's great work saw the light of the printing press before he died in 1616. It was not till seven years later that there was published a complete collection of his plays. The volume—a tall folio—contained, besides fifteen dramas that had been printed in his lifetime, the twenty-one works of supreme power which in the dramatist's lifetime had practically no existence off the stage. And if the republic of letters were to consecrate a day to Shakespeare's memory, it would be appropriate to select November 8, the day in 1623 when the publication of the Shakespeare First Folio revealed, for the first time, to the reader of literature the full range of Shakespeare's glorious and unmatched achievement.

II.

The chief mover in the enterprise of the Shakespeare First Folio was a printer, William Jaggard, who carried on a large business in the city of London, at one time in Barbican, and at another time in Fleet Street, at the east end of St. Dunstan's Church. He held the important office of Printer to the City Corporation. He also had acquired the rights of printing the players' bills or programmes in the London theatres. This right enjoyed by Jaggard of print-

¹ Copyright, 1899, by Sidney Lee, in the United States of America.

² This article formed part of a lecture which the writer delivered at the London Institution on Monday, February 20. A general account of the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's *Works* is supplied in the writer's recently published *Life of Shakespeare*.

ing playbills brought him into close connection with theatrical managers and actors, and to that connection was doubtless due his scheme of publishing a collected edition of Shakespeare's plays.

Judged by modern standards of commercial probity, Jaggard's methods of business and the character of his relations with Shakespeare in his lifetime cannot be commended. In the full tide of Shakespeare's career, Jaggard, without any communication with the poet, collected into a volume twenty poems by various hands, five of the shortest of which were by Shakespeare, and were in general circulation. He gave the volume the fanciful title of 'The Passionate Pilgrim,' and he announced it on the title-page as the work of Shakespeare and of Shakespeare only. The volume was very popular, and went through three editions while Shakespeare was yet alive. Shakespeare seems to have raised a very mild protest; but no effective protest was possible, for authors had practically no rights over the creations of their brain, or apparently over the use of their name. The transaction was as if an enterprising publisher of our own day had given a volume that he published the title (say) of 'The Proverbial Philosopher, by Alfred Lord Tennyson,' and in it had intermingled a few tags from Tennyson's acknowledged and already published works, with extracts from the poetical lucubrations of the late Mr. Tupper and the poet Close, or of other poetasters, while all the time he failed to indicate that any author but Tennyson was represented in the volume. But Jaggard was no worse than his colleagues, and 'The Passionate Pilgrim' was a type of venture in which the Elizabethan publisher habitually indulged.

As the publisher of 'The Passionate Pilgrim,' Jaggard seems to have learnt for the first time that Shakespeare's was what he would doubtless have called a selling name. He was consequently quite ready to embark substantial capital in the very large venture of a complete collection of his plays. But, with the caution characteristic of Elizabethan publishers, he formed a small syndicate in order to minimise any possible loss, and he joined with him in the enterprise his son Isaac, a printer like himself, and three men who were booksellers or publishers only (not printers), William Aspley, John Smethwick, and Edward Blount.

These five traders—all of whom ignored and defied on principle the interests of contemporary authors—were really responsible for

the great First Folio, and we can almost pardon their methods of business when we survey this outcome of their enterprise.¹

As a specimen of typography the First Folio is to be condemned. The misprints are numerous, and are especially conspicuous in the pagination. The sheets seem to have been worked off very slowly, and corrections were made while the press was working, so that the copies struck off later differ occasionally from the earlier copies. Copies are known which are distinguished by very interesting typographical irregularities, in each case unique.

It is difficult to estimate how many copies survive of the First Folio, which is intrinsically the most valuable volume in the whole range of English literature, and extrinsically is only exceeded in value, among English books, by the works of the first English printer Caxton, which are of higher value because of their superior scarcity and their closer connection with the greatest of all mechanical inventions—the invention of printing. Jaggard and his partners probably printed about five hundred copies. It seems that about two hundred copies have been traced within the past century. Of these, fewer than twenty are in a perfect state, while about a hundred and sixty copies have sustained serious damage at various points.

In 1632 there appeared a second folio, which was mainly a reprint of the first. In 1664 a third edition included 'Pericles,' a genuine play by Shakespeare (which was not admitted to either the first or the second folio), as well as six other plays which were printed as Shakespeare's in his lifetime by unprincipled tradesmen, but are certainly not his work. In 1685 a fourth folio brought the tale of the early Shakespeare folios to a close.

The second, third, and fourth folios are of small value compared to the first. A fine copy of the First Folio is worth at least 1,000*l.*, while 50*l.* is a fair price for the Second Folio or the Fourth. The Third is more valuable; it is supposed, on not the best evidence, that many unsold copies were burnt in the Great Fire of London in 1666. In good condition a copy would fetch 250*l.*

¹ The 'copy' for the press, the manuscripts of the plays, the publishers obtained from the managers of the acting company with which Shakespeare was long connected as both author and actor. The managers' names were John Heming and Henry Condell, and they entered into the scheme with zest. They had been intimate friends of the dramatist, who left them in his will twenty-six shillings and eightpence each wherewith to buy mourning rings.

III.

It is devoutly to be wished that all English men and women who at the present time own copies of the First Folio, by far the most valuable of the four volumes, will keep a firm grip upon them; for this country is being rapidly drained of its First Folios by the United States of America.

When, in the summer of last year, I found that for purposes of research it was desirable that I should consult two copies of the First Folio which were reported to possess unique features, and were known to have been in libraries in England a very few years ago, my inquiries led me to the embarrassing conclusion that if I wished to examine the copies in question it would be necessary for me to take a trip to New York. One of these two copies only crossed the seas in 1897. There was a third copy, which I sought to trace in vain, and I believe, although I have no precise information on the subject, that that copy has also joined its brethren in America. English booksellers make no secret of this fact of the growing practice of exporting rare editions of Shakespeare to America. Mr. Quaritch, the great bookseller in Piccadilly, wrote to me lately in reference to the First Folio, 'Perfect copies are usually sold by us dealers to American collectors. They thus get scarcer and dearer every year.'

It is also to be recorded that the great collection formed by Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, the biographer of Shakespeare, who during a life of nearly seventy years spent a fortune in acquiring rare books, prints, and manuscripts connected with Shakespeare—it is to be recorded that all Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's treasures left this country in January 1897, when they became the property of Mr. Martin J. Perry, of Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A. Another great collection has lately experienced a like fate. Consequently it is not easy to exaggerate the danger to which Great Britain is now exposed of losing the most valuable memorials of its literature.

Booksellers often tell me that it gives them greater satisfaction to sell a rare English book to an Englishman than to an American; but even the most patriotic of booksellers has commercial instincts, and, however unexceptionable a bookseller's patriotism may be, it cannot be expected that, when an Englishman offers 500*l.* for a copy of the First Folio and an American 1,000*l.*, the bookseller will make the copy over to the Englishman in preference to the American

bidder. The difficulty can only be met by an improvement in public sentiment in this country. Public sentiment ought to demand that whenever any specially valuable Shakespearean treasure, which should be regarded as a national monument, comes into the market, the Director of such a national institution as the British Museum should have funds placed by the Government at his disposal to enable him to enter into competition on something like level ground with American amateurs.

IV.

The value—both literary and pecuniary—of copies of the four early folio editions is partly determined by their pedigrees, and those copies which bear the autographs of distinguished owners are sought by collectors with greater assiduity than any others. Many exemplars bearing on their title-pages or fly-leaves these special titles to distinction are extant, and it would be interesting to compile a full list of them. The following are little known copies of the kind which have lately come under my notice.

The Duke of Leeds owns a copy of the First Folio (not in very good condition) on which two former owners, Charles Killigrew, Charles II.'s Master of the Revels, and William Congreve, the dramatist, have inscribed their names. Garrick's First Folio is in the library of Queen's College, Oxford. One of the finest copies known belonged formerly to John Philip Kemble, and it is now the property of the Duke of Devonshire.

Of the Second Folio, Charles I.'s copy is in the Queen's library at Windsor Castle, while Charles II.'s copy is at the British Museum. Sir Henry Irving bought in 1888, at the Aylesford sale, for 100*l.* a copy of the Second Folio, which bears autograph notes of three eighteenth-century owners—viz. Lewis Theobald (the greatest of all Shakespeare's textual critics), Dr. Johnson, and Samuel Ireland, who owes his fame to his championship of his son's Shakespearean forgeries. Ireland bought the copy for a guinea at the sale of Dr. Johnson's books in 1785.

The only copies of each of the four folios to be found in the City of London are in the library of the London Institution. Of these, the Third Folio once belonged to the Shakespearean commentator George Steevens. The copy of the Fourth Folio in the same collection was purchased in 1805 for 4*l.* 7*s.* at the sale of the books of the first Marquis of Lansdowne, who is best known to history as Lord Shelburne.

At the South Kensington Museum are no fewer than three copies of the First Folio. They were bequeathed respectively by Alexander Dyce, the editor of Shakespeare; by John Forster, the friend and biographer of Charles Dickens; and by John Jones, the virtuoso. Only Dyce's copy is in good condition. But Jones presented, together with his First Folio, copies of the second and third, which are apparently perfect; and his Third Folio offers points of singular interest in that the title-page is adorned by a very curious collection of autographs. At the top of the page is the signature of Leigh Hunt, and on other portions are the signatures of (among others) Charles Dickens, Robert Browning (with the date August 13, 1842), William Wordsworth, Charles Knight, George Henry Lewes, and J. Westland Marston. It is unfortunate that the librarians of the South Kensington Museum can throw no light on the circumstances under which this valuable series of autographs came into being.

V.

I have lately met with a copy of the First Folio which is, beyond the shadow of a doubt, one of the very first that came from the press of the printer William Jaggard.¹ The copy has, as far as I can learn, hitherto escaped the notice of bibliographers, although it presents features of interest superior to any other. The title-page, which bears the portrait of Shakespeare by the youthful engraver Martin Droeshout, is in a condition of unexampled freshness, and the engraving is printed with a firmness and a clearness that are not visible in the finest copies hitherto known—those belonging to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and the Duke of Devonshire.

It is a taller copy than any other, being thirteen and a half inches high, and thus nearly half an inch superior in stature to that of any other known copy. The shears of the binder have not deprived the pages of a millimetre of their margins. But, important as these features are in the sight of any one accustomed to handle old books,

¹ This copy is now the property of Mr. Coningsby Sibthorp, of Sudbrooke Holme, Lincoln, and it has been in the possession of his family for about a century. I should like to express a word of thanks to him for his kindness in sending the volume to London for me to examine. While in London it was committed to the charge of Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, the Principal Librarian of the British Museum, and it is to his insight and that of his colleagues at the Museum—Mr. G. F. Warner, of the Manuscript Department, and Mr. A. W. Pollard, of the Printed Books Department—that I owe much of the information that I have obtained respecting it.

they are comparatively unimpressive in regard to this book. Far more remains to tell. The binding, rough calf, is partly original; and on the title-page is a manuscript inscription, in contemporary handwriting of indisputable authenticity, attesting that the copy was a gift to an intimate friend by the printer Jaggard. The inscription reads thus:

Ex dono Willi Jaggard Typographi. a^o 1623

The fragment of the original binding is stamped with an heraldic device, in which a muzzled bear holds a banner in its left paw and in its right a squire's helmet. There is a crest of a bear's head above, and beneath is a scroll with the motto 'Augusta Vincenti' (*i.e.* 'proud things to the conqueror'). This motto proves to be a pun on the name of the first owner of the volume. The heraldic device has been identified by the Principal Librarian of the British Museum with the arms of one Augustine Vincent, a well-known official of the College of Arms or Heralds' College. It was to Augustine Vincent, then, that Jaggard presented as a free gift what was almost certainly the first copy of the great Shakespeare Folio which came from his press. The inscription on the title-page I have ascertained, by comparison of it with Vincent's handwriting, to be in his autograph. Jaggard at the time appears to have lost the power of writing owing to failing sight.

A somewhat complicated story attaches to the relations subsisting between William Jaggard and this herald, Augustine Vincent. Shortly before this mighty Shakespearean enterprise was undertaken, Vincent the herald and Jaggard the printer had been jointly the object of a violent and slanderous attack by a perverse-tempered personage named Ralph Brooke, and, in order to repel with due effect the assaults of this sturdy foe, they—Vincent and Jaggard—had formed an offensive alliance, which brought them into close personal relations. This Brooke was one of Vincent's colleagues at the College of Arms, and he cherished a bitter grievance against most of his colleagues. He could never forgive the bestowal, some years earlier, of an office superior to his own on an outsider, a stranger to the College, one William Camden. William Camden was headmaster of Westminster School, and a very distinguished writer on history and archæology. Mild-mannered officers of the College like Vincent deemed the

institution honoured by the arrival of so distinguished a scholar among them. But Brooke's jealous temper led him to take a quite opposite view of the situation. From that time forth he made it the business of his life to denounce in print the published writings of Camden and his friends, of whom Vincent was one, and to charge them with all manner of incompetence in their official work as heralds.

In one of Camden's acts Shakespeare was himself concerned. The College of Arms was an institution familiar to Shakespeare. Like many men of smaller account, the poet, as soon as he found himself on the road to fame and fortune, applied, with his father, for a coat-of-arms. The College showed no anxiety to accede to his request, and he corresponded on the subject for at least three years before he could induce the College officials formally to recognise his claim. The antiquary Camden was introduced into the College while negotiations with Shakespeare were in progress, and there is reason to believe that it was he who induced the heralds to gratify the poet's wish. Consequently it is not surprising to find that Camden's antagonist, Brooke, disapproved of the grant of arms to Shakespeare. Brooke declared that the grant was illegal. He insisted that a grave error had been committed. Shakespeare's heraldic shield, he said, did not of right belong to him because it was identical with one already borne by a noble family—that of Lord Mauley. Camden and his official chief, Garter King-of-Arms, replied to these strictures satisfactorily; and the victory rested with them—a fact which did not sweeten Brooke's temper.

Brooke's next step in his war on Camden and his allies was to compile and publish a 'Catalogue of the Nobility,' a sort of controversial 'Peerage,' in which he claimed, with abusive vigour, to expose Camden and his friends' ignorance of the genealogies of the great families of England, matters on which heralds should of course be well informed. Brooke's book was published in 1619, and it happened to be printed at the press of our friend Jaggard. Naturally the Camden faction discovered in it abundance of discreditable errors. The charge was amply justified, and even Brooke had to admit that his work was far from perfect. But he declined to admit that he was personally to blame. The errors were due, he hotly declared, to the incompetence of his rascally printer, Jaggard. Thereupon Augustine Vincent, Camden's friend, the first owner of the Sibthorp copy

of the First Folio, intervened. He set himself to prove decisively that Camden, Shakespeare, and the rest, whom Brooke had denounced, had been the victims of Brooke's pretentious incompetence. He invited Jaggard to aid him by printing his exposure of this jealous critic. Jaggard had his own quarrel with Brooke, who had cast aspersions on his professional skill in typography. He not only undertook to print and publish Vincent's 'Discovery of Brooke's Errors,' as Vincent entitled his reply; Jaggard did more. He inserted in Vincent's volume a personal vindication of his printing office from Brooke's strictures. Vincent specially directed his readers' attention to Jaggard's statement of defence. He twitted his adversary with the paltriness of the endeavour to make the printer responsible for his own inaccuracies, and then, to use his own phrase, 'he turned loose' the printer upon the common foe.

Jaggard performed his task with zest. There was no false delicacy about him. He was not a man to be abused with impunity. Brooke 'must know' (he wrote) 'that I owe myself that justice, and my poor credit so much right, as not to hear my name publicly proclaimed and pasted on the forefront of a book for those faults, whereunto the author can only be principal, howsoever he hath made my press accessory.' Jaggard compares Brooke to 'an old blind mole' who is said to have lived in Greece and attempted to make a map of that country, a thing 'sufficiently ridiculous (Jaggard declares) seeing that nature had destined the mole to live underground, and therefore purposely denied him his sight.' Brooke 'lay about him in all kinds with his pen as if it had been his natural flail,' whereas, his antagonist suggests, it was notorious that the poor man had never learnt to write properly.

Jaggard proceeds to taunt Brooke with having brought out a so-called second edition of his 'Catalogue of the Nobility' 'when there lay yet, and yet do, of the former impression 205 rotting by the walls.' (This taunt is of curious interest because it clearly shows that a very respectable antiquity attaches to the practice of bringing out a second edition of a book before the first is exhausted in order to delude the public into a belief that the demand for it is greater than it really is.)

The printer appeals 'to every man's reason whether any of those palpable errors, whereof in this discourse you shall find a number stript and whipt, can be justly charged upon the printer's account.' Subsequently quotation is made of a number of errors

in genealogy and geography which certainly do not look like errors of the press. In Jaggard's strenuous vocabulary they convict the author of 'ignorance, falsifications, suborning of incestuous matches, bastard issues, and changing children in the cradle.' 'Such' (Jaggard exclaims) 'is the scum of rank eloquence' wherewith Brooke overflows.

Finally, the printer compares Brooke to 'the beast who, coming at first a stranger into the woods thundered with such a terrible noise, as he not only out-roared the lion, but affrighted him and all the other beasts out of the forest. But in time they growing better acquainted with his cry, and by degrees drawing so near to him, as they might discern his person and qualities, they found him to be no such dangerous creature as he gave himself out for, but a good, sociable, and harmless beast, and so he and his posterity continue to this day.'

Vincent's denunciation of Brooke, to which Jaggard contributed these caustic comments, was published in 1622. It gave Brooke his quietus, to the delight of Jaggard and his ally Vincent. Incidentally they had jointly avenged Brooke's presumptuous criticism of the great dramatist's right to the arms that the Heralds' College, at the instance of Vincent's friend Camden, had granted him long before. Next year Jaggard engaged in the great enterprise of the Shakespeare First Folio. Nothing was more natural and more appropriate than that Jaggard should present his friend and fellow-victor in the recent strife with a very early copy of the volume that was to set the fame of Shakespeare on an everlasting foundation. 'Augusta Vincenti' ('proud things to the conqueror')—the legend stamped on the cover of this copy of the First Folio—assumes a new and singularly pertinent significance when it is associated with the fact that this copy was the gift made by the printer Jaggard, in the exultation of his victory over Brooke, to Vincent, his companion-in-arms. The publication of Shakespeare's plays in a collected form for the first time in 1623 is the greatest of all events in English literary history and in the history of English publishing. And no more interesting memorial of that event than this copy has hitherto come to light.

SIDNEY LEE.

THE ACADEMY OF HUMOUR.

BY GEORGE CALDERON.

I.

Woodham Daintry, Essex : October 15.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I do not wonder at your surprise on hearing that I have again entered at an educational establishment, and I believe that you will be still more surprised when you hear the kind of establishment it is. At the age of twenty-eight, as you very justly observe, a man has generally finished with that sort of thing, and is old enough to educate himself. What will you think when I tell you that two of my fellow pupils here are over sixty?

You must not suppose that I have abandoned my long cherished ambition of at last securing the Chair of Metaphysics in one of our Universities; not for one moment! And do not wrong me by imagining that the comfortable competence which has fallen to my lot through the generosity of poor Aunt Susan's testamentary dispositions is sufficient to divert me from the principal object of my life. After one term here I intend to resume my independent researches in Ontology, and mean to be heard of at last. Cambridge itself will ring with my name; *alma mater* shall have no cause to blush for her *alumnus*.

As it is a great gratification to me to give you the fullest confidence, and impart to you all the details of my circumstances and aspirations, I will tell you the whole story of my new departure in full.

First I will premise that the establishment at which I am now residing, among the pleasant fields of Essex, is Professor Larrion's Gelæological College, or Academy of Humour. Gelæology—the word, as I need hardly point out to you, comes from the Greek γελοῖος—is the science of the laughable, or ridiculous; and Professor Larrion, who has made a philosophical study of the subject, undertakes to teach to any man of good understanding the art of being humorous and amusing in the short space of some ten weeks. The College is only just opened; but from what I can judge of Professor Larrion on so brief an acquaintance, I feel sure

that it is bound to be an extraordinary success. His hopes are very high ; so also—I may be permitted to add—are his charges. (You see that the humorous atmosphere of the place is already beginning to tell on me, and I am commencing to make little jokes of my own.)

Now for the reason of my coming here. When I went down in September to stay with your friend, and, I venture now to add, my friend, Admiral Timminer, for the Chelmsford ball, it was still my intention, as it always had been from my Cambridge days, to remain single, in order the better to devote myself to the arduous pursuit of Mistress Metaphysics. But by what strange chances is a man's fate altered ! As soon as I set my eyes on Miss Kitty Timminer, all my plans were upset. Chairs of Metaphysics had no longer any charms for me, if Miss Kitty could not share them with me. (Is not this another joke ?) If any one had described her to me beforehand I should have said at once that she was the last person in the world with whom I need have feared that I should fall in love. I never met any one *less interested* in serious things in the whole of my life. You know her, of course ; you must have seen her when you have visited the Timminers at Chelmsford ; so I need hardly describe the many particular beauties whose synthesis is so utterly bewitching. I really cannot write about her ; whatever adjective I find is so hopelessly inadequate and tawdry. I cannot understand how *any one* who has seen her, even for a moment, can *ever* think of marrying anyone else.

However, to return to my subject. I pursued her with the most strenuous attentions. I was cheerful with her and even gay. At times I thought that she felt some little touch of what I felt, and I was on the point of declaring my passion. But something checked me. There were other men staying in the house, lively creatures, without a glimmer of intellect. When we were all together they cracked jokes and were always merry ; she laughed and talked with them, while I sat glum and silent in the corner. I soon saw that one of these men, a certain Captain Bunching, of the Essex Light Infantry, was as deeply in love with Miss Kitty as the shallowness of his nature would allow. I was jealous ; I envied him. Why, I thought to myself, why has this fat, brainless creature the art of making her rock with laughter while I, with fifty times his intellect, can bring nothing but the faintest of smiles to her lips ? I listened to the conversation of these men and made mental notes of what they said ; there was nothing in

their ideas beyond my range of thought. Much of their success, it seemed to me, depended on the confidence of their manner. I strove to imitate them. I made attempts at saying funny things ; but when, after much effort, I blurted them out a little late in the conversation, people looked at me blankly, with bewildered faces, and I sank back in my chair, hot, and blushing with mortification.

I saw my great defect. I was not humorous. I had been so long occupied with serious things that I had lost the art of being amusing.

Walking along the streets of London or any other city on a Sunday, I have often noted the happy faces of lovers that frequent them on that day. The man whispers two or three words in the girl's ear, she throws down her eyes, and blushes and laughs delightedly. What is this secret of conversation, I wondered, that these common people have and from which I am excluded ? Had I whispered three words in that girl's ear, putting all my intellect into the effort, would she have laughed ? I think not. I doubt whether she would even have blushed.

I determined to begin at the very beginning. I saw that in order to make any girl fall in love with me, I must first of all learn to be funny. Returning to London, I confided much of my trouble to Jack Sloper, a young barrister who was up at Trinity with me. He said he knew the very thing I wanted. Larrion, the man who had got him through his law examination, was giving up 'cramming,' as it is called, for the bar, and was setting up an Academy of Humour in Essex, only a few miles from Chelmsford. I jumped at the idea, put myself into communication with Mr. Larrion—his title of Professor is only assumed for business purposes—and here I am !

Mr. Larrion is a man of powerful analytic intellect, and, I am told, very amusing. I have as yet heard no jokes from him myself, at least, not that I know of. His face wears such an air of imperturbable gravity that it is often hard to know whether he is being funny or not. When I arrived, he called the boot-boy to take my portmanteau, saying : 'What ho, within there ! Go, scullion, bear this traveller's baggage to the donjon-keep.' We none of us smiled except the boot-boy ; he roared. I think very likely it was only a quotation.

In person Mr. Larrion is short and broad. He has a very large and muscular face, clean-shaven, and quite inscrutable.

His career has been a varied one. Finding his early years at

the bar unremunerative he took to literature; he was the author of a series of articles called 'Topsy Turtledove, by the Last of the Joneses,' which appeared in a paper known as the 'Pink Un.' The sketches are very clever, I am told; I have not read them myself. However, literature proved no kindlier than law. He went to Paris and lived a chequered life, getting along as best he could with English lessons &c. I hear that at one time he was even a waiter at the Café Boulanger. Two years ago he returned to London and was very successful in preparing a certain class of law students for their examinations; he made them work only an hour a day, and fixed the leading cases in their minds under the form of amusing little stories and jingling rhymes. Now he has set up this Academy, and he has, I think, a real career before him.

I can best convey to you some notion of the daring and originality of his intellect by giving you an extract from one of the extremely sensible letters which he wrote to me when I first thought of joining him.

'To the careful observer of the intercourse of men,' he says, 'nothing can be more patent than the Uniformity of Humour. To him it is plain that below the shifting surface of humorous conversation lie certain immutable principles or laws to which all Jokes conform. I have made it my task, by patient comparison and inference, to discover what those laws may be; to find a scientific basis for one of the most important arts of life; to save that art from being the privilege of the few, and even in their hands an instrument of uncertain success. My aim, like that of the Sage of Verulam, is to establish a method which shall be able *exæquare ingenia*, to make the fool and the philosopher equally good fools. That, Mr. Jones, is what *you* want. . . . You may often hear people say "It was *only* a Joke," as though a Joke were a trivial thing beside a serious remark. Those who speak in this way show a lamentable misapprehension of the position of Jokes in the scheme of nature. The philosopher, knowing that he has no excuse for existence but as a member of Society, sets himself to cultivate that faculty which is to win him his diploma of membership—the faculty of Rational Intercourse. Now of Rational Intercourse there are three kinds, consisting in the communication respectively of facts, of theories, and of Jokes. To communicate theories is the function of the intelligent bore; to communicate facts is the function of the unintelligent bore;

nous autres, my dear Mr. Jones, we must crack our Jokes. The bores must still play a part in conversation; we cannot have conversation without theories and facts; these are the boughs on which the golden fruit is to hang. I shall have three or four paid bores at my Academy to start conversations and to act as the whetstones of our wit.'

Mr. Larrison's household is in a very topsy-turvy condition at present; for all the pupils, myself included, were in such a hurry to begin, that we arrived three days before the time appointed—all except one, that is: he is expected to-morrow; I haven't heard his name.

The servants are in such fits of laughter all day at what we do and say that they are quite incapable of work. Knowing the purpose of the Academy, they are prepared to find humour in everything. When the boot-boy awoke me the morning after my arrival, I said, 'I shall want some hot water to shave with.' I have never seen anybody laugh like he did; he knocked over the jug and rolled about on the floor. I also laughed, but not so immoderately, being in bed. Half an hour later, finding that no water came, I rang the bell. When I took the boy to task for his forgetfulness, he defended himself by saying that he 'did not know I was serious.'

There are eleven pupils in all: three City men, five cavalry officers, two High Church curates, and myself. There are also six bores, *i.e.* people paid to be quite serious. They spend the morning reading the 'Times' and 'Standard,' besides things like 'Whitaker,' Encyclopædias, &c. Two of them are specialists; one of these got a First in History at Oxford. - Another is a decayed man about town; he takes in 'Truth' and the 'Morning Post,' and knows an immense number of interesting things about people in London. In the afternoon we poke fun at them and play practical jokes on them. I am very glad I am not a bore.

You can have no conception of the gaiety of this place—apple-pie beds night after night, and booby-traps on every door. Mr. Larrison says he will lead us to higher things once we can get our studies 'under way.'

Once a day we all go for a walk together. We walk in threes, with a bore in the middle of each trio, and a pupil of the Academy on either side. Of course we don't keep to this order, but get running about in the open, knocking off one another's hats, and all that sort of thing. The country people fly with

every sign of terror when they see us approaching, for somehow or other the absurd rumour has got about that Mr. Larrion's Academy is a private lunatic asylum.

However, it is getting late, and I must close this long letter, as Mr. Larrion has given me a number of anecdotes and puns to learn by heart before I go to bed.

Your loving Nephew,

BILBURY J. JONES.

II.

Woodham Daintry : October 18.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I am delighted to find that you are so much interested in the Academy, and that you so heartily approve of my coming here. I have, as you say, always been conspicuously wanting in humour; no man can feel it more keenly than myself. It is by no means for lack of effort; I have always tried my best, and now we shall see what a little study can do for me.

Imagine my disgust when Captain Bunching, of the Essex Light Infantry, the very man that I am studying to emulate, turned up yesterday at the Academy and entered himself for the term. I do not think it is fair that people who are already so humorous as he is should come here. However, I am not afraid of him; his presence will be an additional incentive to industry; I feel as if I were a boy at school again, preparing for the examination at the end of the term—but, oh! what a prize awaits the successful one! As soon as the course is over I shall fly into Chelmsford and bombard Miss Kitty with jokes. Captain Bunching, I feel certain, will do the same; we both have the same end in view. We shall sit on either side of Miss Kitty, plying our wit, and we shall soon see who is the better man!

Mr. Larrion's first two lectures, on the History of Humour, have been profoundly interesting. I have made copious notes, and am sure that you will be interested to learn what he said. It may make you humorous too if I keep you 'posted' in his lectures; not that I mean for a moment, my dear uncle, that you are in any way wanting in comicality; but, with Christmas coming on, you may be glad of a little help.

Mr. Larrion began with Aristotle. I quote from my notes.

'Aristotle defined wit as a mean between buffoonery and stolidity; but inasmuch as people are far too fond of jokes,' says he, 'buffoons are generally called wits.' In all these philosophical

writers there is to be noticed a certain shade of bitterness when they speak of the humorists. Hobbes, in speaking of the cause of laughter, says : "That it consisteth in wit, or, as they call it, in the jest, experience confuteth ; for men laugh at mischances and indecencies wherein there lieth no wit nor jest at all." One can scarcely help thinking that some one must have stolen his clothes while he was bathing.'

The Professor was still more interesting when he launched into wider generalisations of the History of Humour.

'Laughter being the distinctive characteristic of man, the more human we become, the more we shall laugh ; and inasmuch as we must have something to laugh at, the progress of civilisation will be always accompanied by an advance in the Art of Humour. Taking Humour, in accordance with this theory, as a criterion of the civilisations of the past, many archæologists have been disappointed at finding no traces of it in the records of the Egyptians. Taking it as a criterion of the future, there are some who go so far as to believe that, in the course of evolution, the lower animals will learn to laugh ; and that the jokes of to-day will in the end be relegated to the lowest orders of creation, sponges and the like ; that the quip which used once to rouse the laughter of kings will at last shake the sides of the jelly-fish. . . . The circumstances of life are always altering, and each new combination affords an opportunity for a new joke. Even language changes ; twenty years ago it was impossible to make a Volapük pun.' I shall certainly learn Volapük when I have finished the course.

He also made a very interesting calculation that if every male person in the British islands were to make a joke on coming of age we should have 150,000 new jokes every year. If these were all passed round we should each hear 480 new jokes every day—Sundays, of course, excluded.

As you may well imagine, all this was Greek to Captain Bunching. He did not even take notes, but kept scribbling caricatures in his exercise book and winking at another of the military men. I don't think he will have a chance.

Much as I admire Mr. Larrion's intellect, I cannot fully agree with all that he says. He quoted a remark of Sydney Smith's to-day as one of the best impromptus on record. On seeing a little girl stroke a tortoise one day, Sydney Smith observed that what she did was like stroking the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter. I really must confess that I see very little

point in this, for I am sure that the present Dean, at any rate, would be quite the opposite of pleased if he knew that anyone had been taking such a liberty with the building.

Your loving Nephew,
BILBURY J. JONES.

III.

Woodham Daintry: November 12.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—Thank you for your letter. I will try to make up the joke you want and will send it as soon as it is ready.

I have been a little uneasy this afternoon, for Captain Bunching drove away in his dogcart as soon as lunch was over; and Pawley, one of the bores, who has become a great friend of mine, tells me that he has gone over to Chelmsford—to the Timminers' of course. I do not think it is fair his going there like this in term time, because he knows that I am not yet far enough advanced to compete with him. What a beast he looked as he drove away! With his hat on the back of his head, and a great cigar sticking out from the middle of his fat red face!

Mr. Larrison was very interesting this morning in dealing with the principles of joking.

'We may roughly define a joke,' he said, 'as a thing which provokes laughter. Laughter is an intermittent, inarticulate sound due to the expulsion of breath through the larynx by a series of nervous convulsions of the diaphragm; and the humorist must always bear in mind that it is this phenomenon, and this alone, which he is endeavouring to produce.'

He recommends constant practice. 'If you are not in form one evening, persevere. You will perhaps inadvertently say something funny; you may discover a joke if you cannot invent one. . . . You must begin with the simplest form of joke, the joke which is made in answer to another person's remark. Your answer must be pertinent in form, but impertinent in matter.

'If, however, there was any personal animus in the remark addressed to you, you may best express your contempt for the speaker by a rejoinder which makes no pretence to relevance, such as 'You go and dye your hair.'

'A lone-joke is made on the same principle as a joke in answer.'

'You must be always ready with answers to the commonplace openings of conversations, especially to weather-gambits. For

instance, if anybody says "The rain *is* coming down!" your best answer is: "Did you expect it to go up?" If an old gentleman, a friend of your father's, say, observes to you, "I think I've seen your face before," you should reply, "You didn't expect to see it behind, did you?"

After the lecture we practised latent gambits; that is, given a commonplace, to joke in two moves. I made up one or two and tried them on the bores, but somehow I could never get them to give the right answer to my first remark, so they didn't come off.

To my great relief Captain Bunching has just come back from Chelmsford, looking very glum, while I write. What a beast he is! How I hate him!

I have a hedgehog that I am going to put in his bed to-night. Of course he will have no right to be angry, as it is only a joke. I hope he will hurt himself.

Your loving Nephew,
BILBURY J. JONES.

IV.

Woodham Daintry: November 20.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I hope to have your joke ready in a few days.

There has been a little unpleasantness in the house since I last wrote. Captain Bunching must have found out beforehand about the hedgehog. When I got up to my bedroom in the evening and opened the door—it was quite dark in the passage—a whole pailful of potato-parings came down on my head, and I narrowly escaped being hit by the bucket; and when I got into bed, there was the hedgehog there! I pricked my feet in the most abominable way. Naturally, I was very angry; and the Captain and I had words at breakfast. Larrison, in the most unjust way, took the Captain's side; he said that of course it was a joke, not a first class joke, but quite good of its kind—and appropriate. I certainly did not agree with him; it is not the sort of joke that amuses me. I thought of leaving the house at once, but I stayed on and swallowed my wrath for *her* sake, for Miss Kitty's sake. What would I not give for the term to be over!

Four of the pupils and two of the bores have already left. Some of the people here seem quite unable to understand the difference between humour and horse-play.

The servants have got so used to humour that they never take the least notice of it now. The boot-boy doesn't raise the ghost of a smile when I let off my most screaming jokes at him. This seems to me a pity. I think the servants ought to be discharged once a month. Of course we don't laugh much at one another's jokes, and it is not to be expected of the bores; so that one hardly realises how funny one really is.

Our lecture this morning was on Style, which is much more important than many people think.

You complain that you have as yet had no opportunities of seeing what progress I have made. I must acknowledge that I still find it difficult to make actual *jokes*, but with the Professor's lecture on Style in view, I think I could be *humorous*, or funny in the narrower sense of the word. It is, of course, rather difficult to do it without having any very definite subject to apply one's methods to, but I will do my best.

Now I will be humorous.

'Here goes! Tittup my hearties! How are you, old Cocky? as the monkey said when he met the parachute. How's your delectable boko to-day? Not too catawamptious, but just catawamptious enough? That comes of the beamish bottlemilk. Then the coal-dust came down on the giddy pantechnicon.'

This is, of course, not as funny as I could have made it if you had given me a subject. But don't you think it is rather amusing? It is in what Mr. Larrion calls the 'Happy Chappie' style; next time I will try to show you something in the 'New Humorous' line.

Your loving Nephew,
BILBURY J. JONES.

V.

Woodham Daintry: November 22.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I am exceedingly sorry that you take the humorous part of my letter amiss. I assure you that I had not the least intention of being offensive. You know how sincerely I respect you. Perhaps it was rash of me to try to be funny before I was further advanced. I will promise not to write funnily to you again, since you dislike it so much. Many thanks for your advice about Miss Kitty; but I can assure you that it was, in a way, superfluous: I had no intention of endeavouring to engage her affections by that particular vein of humour.

You will hardly believe how eager I am now for the end of the term. We are going to wind up on the last day with a ball, at which we are all going to be screamingly funny. A committee of pupils—I am not a member of it—has been formed to devise a few good practical jokes, to be played off on the guests; and we are all working very industriously on private jokes about the floor, the music, &c.

The fame of this institution has gone abroad, the rumour of our ball has spread like wildfire through the country and everybody is clamouring to be invited. Of course I asked the Timminers as soon as I heard of the ball; but I was disappointed to find that they had already accepted an invitation from Captain Bunching. Never mind! On that night I will do or die. Even Larrion himself shall be dazzled into silence by the scintillation of my wit. I shall not use any of the jokes that we have learnt during the term; I shall make up mine on the spot, one after another.

Your loving Nephew,

BILBURY J. JONES.

P.S.—I enclose the joke you wanted. It was Pawley, the bore—he is one of my most intimate friends now, you know—who first thought of it. I have only worked it up a little.

VI.

Chelmsford: December 20.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—The end of the term has come at last, and I am the happiest man that ever lived. Oh, if only I could tell you one tenth of what I feel! Life hasn't been life till now. I can't imagine how I could have endured it. I can hardly sit still even to write to you. Isn't she the dearest, sweetest, loveliest creature you ever saw? To think that Kitty should be mine after all!

The ball the day before yesterday was a complete fiasco. Larrion is in despair; he has been tearing his hair and cursing and swearing like a madman ever since. He says his business is ruined, and I expect it is. When the guests went away that evening—as they did before half the programme was finished—he got up and said we were the stupidest lot of men it had ever been his misfortune to meet with; he said there wasn't a spark of humour or a grain of common sense in the whole pack of us.

We collected in the drawing-room at eight, all rather nervous. We none of us liked to talk, for fear of letting out one of our jokes, which would, of course, have been common property at once. We walked up and down, putting on our gloves and looking at the pictures on the walls—Punch cartoons, and comic valentines by Larrison, of which we were already sick to death. The bores were the only members of the party who seemed at ease. They chatted gaily, and made jokes amongst themselves; of course they were allowed to do as they pleased that night. They were not to dance round dances, however, unless there was somebody sitting out. Both the High Church curates came down to dance. I noticed one of them going about with a placard saying, 'Beware of the dog' on his tails. He didn't know. It was most amusing. Later on I found that I had a paper on my back saying 'This style 18s. 6d.' I think I can guess what *humorist* did that; but I can forgive him now.

During the first three dances people simply yelled with laughter the whole time; one really couldn't hear the music at all. But I think everybody was too excited to be really funny. The men jumped about rather boisterously in the Lancers. I was too nervous even for that. I was so nervous that, to tell you the truth, *I did not get off a joke the whole evening*. In fact, one of my partners mistook me for a bore.

Practical jokes, Mr. Larrison had arranged, were not to begin till supper time; so we had supper early on purpose. There was a tremendous turkey at one end of the big table. Captain Bunching—he was one of the Practical Jokes Committee—asked Admiral Timminer to carve it. As soon as he put the fork into it, it exploded with a loud report; it was made of inflated india-rubber. The Admiral was very indignant, so was Kitty. Bunching had secured her for supper, but she left him and went to another table. Here she was still more unfortunate, for one of the curates, next to whom she found herself, offered her a little scent bottle from the table, asking her if she was fond of *stephanotis*. As soon as she opened the top of it, a stream of black ink ran out of the bottom, making a very ugly stain down the front of her dress.

After supper Captain Bunching somehow got her to dance with him. I think he threw the blame of the turkey on somebody else, or said he didn't know. He took her into a little bower which had been made in the conservatory, and asked her to sit down on a thing like an ottoman. As soon as she sat down she tumbled

into a box ; the top was only a sham. She tore her dress very badly on some nails there were at the sides.

This quite destroyed all the Captain's chances with Kitty. I have never seen anybody so angry as she was. She came running up to me in the dancing-room, and led me away by the arm into another room. She said, 'You, at least, will not be funny, Mr. Jones'; and, to tell the truth, I really wasn't.

She said that she had never been at such a ghastly entertainment in her life ; 'ghastly' was the word she used. She said that the perpetual stupid jokes, idiotic riddles, and facetious answers that she had had to listen to perfectly sickened her, and she hoped she would never meet a funny man again. I comforted her as best I could ; the conversation became more and more intimate, and suddenly I found that I had proposed and been accepted.

I saw the Admiral about it next morning. He consented, and invited me to stop over Christmas.

I have sworn never to make another joke as long as I live. Last night, towards the end of dinner—the Admiral had been talking in a very interesting way about the proposed new international code of marine signals—he said, 'Will you have some port?' I replied, 'No, thanks, Admiral ; I should prefer a little *starboard*.'

For a minute or two I could hardly realise the full force of what I had said. There was no effort ; it simply dropped out. A long pause followed. We all seemed to be gasping for breath.

Imagine my utter astonishment when Kitty suddenly jumped up, pale and trembling, from her place at the table, and said, in a low, firm voice :

'Bilbury, if you ever make a joke again I shall break off our engagement.'

I did not seek to fathom her motives. I was ready to make even this sacrifice *for her sake*. I promised her I would never make another. And I never will ! So you must not depend upon me for the future.

Your loving Nephew,

BILBURY J. JONES.

SERVICE MILITAIRE.

A YEAR WITH THE COLOURS.

'YOUR profession?'

'Student.'

'Have you any university degree?'

'Bachelier ès lettres.'

'Can you speak any foreign language?'

'English and a little German.'

'Can you read and write?' I restrain an inclination to say 'No,' observing an old acquaintance being marched off for four days' *salle de police* for giving as his profession the unrecognised one of burglar. Such were the questions addressed to me, Charles Regnier, by the quartermaster of the 11th Company when I arrived at the barracks of the 808th Regiment of Infantry to perform the service which, in my case, was limited to a year, as I am—nominally—*soutien de famille*. My family is so extremely reasonable that it would be more than satisfied if I could support myself. Then, without consulting me, or in any way sparing my feelings, he proceeded to make a written description of my appearance. Height, 1·57 mètres (Napoleon's exact measure); face, oval; hair and beard, brown; forehead, average; nose, ordinary; mouth, plain; teeth, sound; eyes, reddish. Here I must protest; my eyes have always been called hazel, and peculiarly fine. On the other hand, to call my nose ordinary almost amounts to flattery.

After being supplied with a greasy *képi*, a dark-blue round jacket of venerable age, red trousers, a cloak that would have fitted a man twice my size, and a pair of big shoes with enormous nails, I was sent to the infirmary with a large number of other *bleus*, as the new arrivals are called to distinguish them from the *anciens*. The surgeon-major was waiting for us, and speedily finished what was merely a formal examination, the fact that none of us was obviously unfit for service having been previously ascertained, and we were marched off to the store-room and given all the rest of our clothing and accoutrements. With both my arms full I followed a soldier into a large whitewashed room, on either side of which were low, narrow beds with brown coverlets; over them, on a shelf that ran along the wall, all the soldiers'

belongings were piled into large square blocks, held in place by the knapsack and crowned by the *képi*. The man showed me one of the beds, and began folding my garments with extraordinary speed, making each one into a plank just as long as my knapsack was broad, and piling them into a neat cube. He talked incessantly as he did it, telling me that he had had the good fortune to 'draw two years' and would shortly 'make his flight.' I answered his questions mechanically, bewildered by the newness of everything. While we talked the signal was given for supper, and throwing on our linen overalls we rushed down to a room on the ground floor, and crowded together on benches surrounding tables that were merely boards laid on iron trestles. A rule was then sprung on us that all men who forgot to remove their caps would be fined a penny to buy mustard. The draughts everywhere were piercing, and I already felt that I should probably draw my share in the form of plasters. As soon as the meal was over, a party of *anciens* asked myself and two other *bleus* if we should like to go out. We agreed; belts and side arms were borrowed, and each walking behind one of our new friends and trying to imitate his confident swagger we went to the barrack-gate. Our tactics failed ignominiously; the whole party was stopped by the sergeant on duty, who, refusing to accept the conscripts as responsible, made the others take off their caps and wrote down their numbers. We then repaired to the canteen, and amid smoke and noise paid our footing. At a quarter to nine we went back to our room, and found some of the men already in bed. At nine the sergeant-major came in with a sergeant, who went round and identified each man, waking or sleeping. 'None missing,' was the report; 'Laporte, *salle de police*. Troquin, leave of absence until ten.' The two lamps that hung from the ceiling were put out, and replaced by a single nightlight floating in a drinking cup. With my eyes on that melancholy flicker I fell asleep.

The next morning, Sunday, I got up very early. There was nothing to be done, and I longed to go out. At half-past six we threw open the windows, and the band, which had assembled in the barrack-yard, played a march, the usual *reveillé* on Sundays and holidays. Then a confused shouting arose, a perfect babel of numbers. I soon gathered that every man was shouting the number of days that remained between him and the heaven of a civilian's life. Men in their last year have a special calendar from

which they joyfully scratch off each day as it passes. Others have a mètre measure of ribbon, and each night snip off a minute portion. I have known men begin at 1,045 days. Little sums, all with the same object, are worked on the whitewashed walls, much to the ineffectual wrath of the adjutant.

This little ceremony over, the sergeant on duty for the week opened the door and asked if anyone were ill. A few lazy fellows lingered in bed, the others dressed. Some one fetched the coffee, which we drank thankfully, though an *ancien* sourly protested that the cook must have thrown away the sugar and dropped in the soap by way of compensation. I again wondered how I could possibly fill up the day; with no side-arms, no epaulettes, pompons, nor white gloves, there was little chance of our being allowed to leave the barracks. An old soldier took down his rifle, dismounted the various pieces, and began to clean them; we gaped admiringly. Suddenly feeling the need of further amusement, he seized a sleeping man, threw him on the floor, and upset bed and bedding on top of him. A lively scrimmage followed, brought to an abrupt conclusion by a report that the quartermaster was coming, and while one combatant scrambled into his clothes the other with marvellous celerity righted the bed, folded the bedding, and laid the counterpane as smooth as a billiard table.

At half-past ten we were ordered to attend report. The four sections of the company formed the sides of a square, and after the roll-call the sergeant-major, amidst general indifference, read a number of more or less personal documents: Corporal X reduced to the ranks, and to be sent to another regiment; Privates Lefaille, Cintrier, and Servais four days of *salle de police* for having attempted to take three young soldiers out of barracks with borrowed accoutrements; an appeal from the colonel to the *anciens* to show a brotherly spirit to the *bleus*, and not to multiply their inevitable difficulties; information about the distribution of bread, biscuit, and preserved meat. We were then taken to an open space between the barracks and the kitchens; two men brought a large wooden tub, and two more a sack of potatoes, which they spread in a circle round the tub. As soon as we had finished peeling them they were carried back to the kitchen to be cooked. We then returned to our room, and an *ancien*, whether moved by vanity or the colonel's appeal, began to give us a lesson in the art of cleaning leather. The imple-

ments were a loose board kept under his bed, the smooth end of a short stick, something that looked like liquorice, and a cork; the result was a most brilliant polish.

Lefaille, Cintrier, and Servais had disappeared. We saw them later on perfunctorily sweeping the yard; after that they fetched their rifles and all their belongings and enjoyed two hours' pack drill, finishing up with a night on the plank bed of the *salle de police*. At four o'clock the sergeant called us down, and notwithstanding the imperfections of our uniform, gave us leave to go out, and in less than an hour I was at home. As far as possible a man is allowed to serve in his own neighbourhood—the one great alleviation of military service. Determined critics of the government, however, see nothing in this regulation but a desire to save one meal a day at the expense of the soldier's family.

On Monday I was told off as chamber-man, a duty which, theoretically, is performed by each man in succession, but which in reality falls entirely on the *bleus*. At half-past four the corporal struck several loud blows with his fist on a wooden partition close to his bed, and shouted 'Debout!' I dressed, and as soon as the signal was given took a jug and ran down to the mess-corporal's room to fetch the coffee, which he solemnly ladled out of a wooden tub, the very same that we had filled with potatoes the day before. I shared the coffee out, washed the jug, and filled it with water from a filter at the other end of the barracks. As I returned I saw the three privates who had got into trouble the day before slouch into the room, and, throwing themselves on their beds, try to refresh themselves with a nap before the *reveillé* sounded. Then, with assistance, I swept the floor, and dusted the shelves, arm racks, and the bread plank, which is hung from the ceiling in the middle of the room and covered with a kind of awning to keep off the dust.

As soon as the *reveillé* sounded all the conscripts went to the barrack-yard, and the first *classe* began. We were taught by Sergeant Cailleux, a good-natured man enough in spite of his angry roars, to salute, to stand at attention, and to stand at ease. Most of us had learnt this at school, but as we were still without rifles nothing of a less elementary kind could be begun, and after repeating the movements a thousand times we were dismissed to our rooms.

When dinner time came I was ordered to carry food to the *salle de police*, perhaps considered an especially wholesome sight

for a new-comer. All the places of confinement, whether for privates or non-commissioned officers, were in the same building, close to the stables. The heavy door of the one where I was ordered to attend was half open, but guarded by a corporal and a man with bayonet fixed. I saw a low room lighted by one closely barred opening. Half the floor was covered by an inclined wooden plane with a slight ridge at head and foot; this was the bed. Five or six prisoners in linen overalls were walking about, whistling and singing, and they at once surrounded me, begging for tobacco. I took especial note of a prisoner called Kessling. He had been recommended to me by one of my cousins as a man who was an adept in the art of cleaning leather, and who would probably be willing for a weekly payment to take charge of my accoutrements; but learning that the charge against him was of having half killed a civilian at a ball, it seemed doubtful if he would ever reappear in his own regiment. He was a man who for the first fifteen months of his service had never been in the smallest trouble, and then, exasperated by a severe punishment for an offence which, in a man of his character, might well have been let pass with a reprimand, he suddenly lost all interest in his work, and followed every caprice. One little habit of his was fortunately never discovered: that of allowing men, at so much per night, to sleep in his bed while he took their place in the cells.

By this time many more *bleus* had arrived, our barrack-room was full, and I began to have some idea of the kind of men by whom I should be surrounded day and night for a year. They came from all parts of France, and represented every shade of accent and every degree of education, from successful university men to peasants who could neither read nor write, and there were a few Parisians who, to judge from their manners and exceptionally disgusting slang, had narrowly escaped spending their time of service in Algeria. These last commit endless offences against discipline, but meet with great indulgence from some of the officers, who seem to think that moral dirt is an infallible sign of a smart soldier, while the slow-witted peasant who irritates them by his stupidity is punished for every blunder or oversight. In the afternoon our captain, a tall, stout, genial-looking man, called all the company together and gave us an address, warning us against the temptations of a large town, earnestly exhorting us to keep our uniform clean, and then rushing off into an excited disserta-

tion on the subject of German spies. Apparently it was impossible to conceal anything from them, and yet the first duty of life was to do so.

There were two corporals in our rooms, each in charge of the main part of their respective squad. Corporal Steiff, a tall young fellow in his second year of service, was mess-corporal, and except at night we rarely saw him. His days were spent in buying meat and vegetables; his evenings, from five o'clock, were spent at home. He was considered a paragon soldier; he had never been in trouble, his pile of clothes was always a perfect square, even the soles of his boots were blacked, and the three *képis* resting on his knapsack had each a grey linen cover, designed by himself and executed by the tailor. His squad was chiefly composed of quiet, steady men, most of them preferring any kind of work to attending drills. One of them groomed and fed the captain's horse, another mended the shoes of the company. Occupations of this kind are called *fricots*—literally, 'stews.'

Corporal Rameau was a highly educated man, in his third year; nothing but his eccentricities had kept him from further promotion. He was full of good nature, but had no idea of discipline. Instead of reporting men for punishment he would wrestle with them, and was rarely the winner; and then, to balance matters, would upset their piles of clothing while they were asleep. On his side of the room there was perpetual laughter, struggling, and confusion.

Among the messmates who first drew my attention were Néraud, a Parisian printer, a pragmatic, conceited fellow; Bergeret, a miner; Unde, a cheerful, poverty-stricken workman who washed the company's linen to gain a little pocket-money; Pompée, a greedy and placid peasant of the Midlands; Duc, a clever journeyman; Léon, who knew all the latest comic songs; Bousson, a red-haired vine dresser; Jérôme, the smallest man in the company, a crook-legged dwarf, sharp-eyed and shrewd. Belonging to us, but sleeping in the next room, was Jacques, a strong, thin, beardless lad. It is scarcely possible for any man to be as stupid as he appeared, and in some ways must have been. One day a fiery adjutant was questioning him; he stood there, dumb as a fish. 'Come!' said the adjutant, 'even ignorance has bounds. You must learn! You are a Frenchman—a soldier; do you know why you are here, instead of working in your fields?'

Jacques gave no answer.

'I ask you why you are here—a soldier? You give no answer. Have you never heard of the Germans?'

'No, my adjutant.'

'You have never heard of the Germans? What is Germany?'

'I don't know.'

'Are you a Frenchman or a German?'

'I don't know.'

'This is wonderful! Where were you born?'

'At Vaucouleurs, my adjutant.'

'At Vaucouleurs, and not a patriot! Did no one ever tell you of the invasion?'

'No, my adjutant.'

One day Jacques, in a fit of despondency, sat crying on his bed. The men who shed tears were always strong, ignorant peasants. They felt vaguely that they were ridiculed by their comrades; they did not know why they were there, away from all they knew and understood: the hard, slow, monotonous, patient labour, so different from the mysterious tasks of military life, the endless worry of accoutrements, the pitiless practical jokes, the orders, counter-orders, and disorders. They thought of their family, their unsown fields, of the church that to them was the centre of social life, and they wept silently, as deaf to the comrades who tried to comfort them as to those who jeered and taunted them. The corporal, who disliked a man who was no credit to him, took no notice. Presently a sergeant came in, and observing the crouching figure shaken with sobs, asked what was the matter. He received no answer, but sitting down on the bed he tried to explain to the lad what patriotism meant, and why three years of his life must be given up to slavish obedience in a barrack-yard. No direct idea of the sergeant's kindly harangue reached his mind, but for the first time he realised that he was still surrounded by human beings. Soon after the evening class for illiterates was started, and, without learning A from B, he derived a strange consolation from attending it. Another peasant, apparently more stupid than himself, within two months learnt to read and write tolerably—a feat which seems to show enormous latent ability when one considers that the only study hour was at the end of a hard day's work.

A few days after our arrival we were supplied with rifles, and ordered to clean our belts &c., as, for the first time, we were to

be drilled in public. We started under the command of Corporal Béliér, a man childishly jealous of the immaculate Corporal Steiff, and revenging all his perfections on us. Petty jealousy does much to embitter barrack life, and the gossip is worthy of Parisian concierges. Often, for almost imaginary offences, he would keep us running under our heavy loads, taunting us and swearing at us until the fortunate approach of a superior officer warned him to desist. Every hour there was a short pause, and we rushed to the nearest stall to buy coffee and halfpenny rolls. The halfpenny plays an important part in a soldier's life. He receives a halfpenny a day, paid every fifth day, with frequent warnings that the Government does not pay this to enable him to get drunk (!) but to buy the necessaries for cleaning arms and accoutrements.

The spectacle at the 'theory' classes was often very comical. They were delivered in our room by the adjutant. We sat on our beds in front of him trying to keep awake, while the worthy man lectured on patriotism and tactics, interspersed with recipes for taking out grease spots. Anyone convicted of going to sleep was made to stand up, and whispering was punished by extra drills.

My work gradually became much heavier, and when Kessling, owing to the colonel's leniency, returned once more to duty, I thankfully engaged him to keep all my things in order, except my rifle, in which I took especial pride. He proved quite invaluable, and I lost all anxiety on that score.

There were several dogs in the regiment; their presence was against the regulations, but permitted by the colonel. The chief pet was Sultan, a fine Newfoundland, who never missed attending drills, parades, and reviews. He acknowledged all the 808th as his masters, but although the 809th shared the same barracks and, with the trifling exception of badge and number, wore the same uniform, he would have nothing to do with them. Cats often lived in our rooms for a time, but having an innate objection to practical jokes seldom remained long.

Saturday afternoon was always a terrible time; the room, our rifles, our clothing, everything we possessed was inspected. I remember at the first inspection Jacques calmly presented a rifle perfectly red with rust, and was condemned to pack-drill on the following day. The corporal ordered him to fill his knapsack, and to take the whole of his belongings. Happily his kind intentions were frustrated, as the officer on duty decided that no *bleu* was yet sufficiently hardened to march under such a load. The un-

lucky Jacques had no idea what did or did not constitute a military crime. Having never before seen a train, on one occasion he slipped out of ranks to gape, remained away four hours, and on his return was genuinely surprised at being punished.

As soon as we had learnt the various exercises in connection with our rifles, we were told that firing practice would begin in the following week. As several of us were short-sighted, we were sent to the military hospital to be supplied with spectacles. I stood next a Parisian workman, tall, thin, silent, with a most distinguished look. His eyes were sunk deeply, his cheeks were hollow, melancholy and suffering were marked on every feature. He coughed frequently, his voice was slow and hoarse. He was evidently in the grip of consumption, and I was scandalised by the useless cruelty of keeping such a man with the colours. We saw a few invalids in white caps and grey coats. As they crawled slowly about they seemed more like ghosts than men.

Practice at the targets began as soon as we were supplied, always attended by Sultan. Shooting proved a great pleasure to me, but the long marches that soon began were a torment. Even in the open country all the men were obliged to keep the same pace. This is not according to regulations, but was an invention of an extremely zealous officer, and caused an incalculable amount of suffering even to the men who did not actually break down. All my life I had had excellent health, but I had scarcely been in barracks a month before it began to fail. My left foot became very stiff, and caused me such intense pain that one morning when the sergeant came with his daily inquiry, 'Any-one ill?' I asked to be entered on his list. Clinging to the hand-rail I managed to get down the steps, and joined the men waiting at the infirmary. We were called one by one into an inner room. As I entered I heard the assistant-surgeon mutter, 'Eleventh Company, too many sick! I can't admit all of them.' Behind him stood the infirmary corporal—a short, thin man with eyeglasses, boiling over with energy—trying to reduce the sick list by noisy abuse and threats of *salle de police*. The surgeon examined my foot hastily, and said, 'Oh, it's nothing much—arthritis. Go into the next room and tell the infirmary man to apply iodine solution.' I did so, and was then told that I should be excused drill for two days. 'Two days' complete rest,' I thought to myself, 'that will soon make it all square.' But I reckoned without the corporal on duty. He collected all the sick men, made them scrub

the dining-room, carry all the long tables to the pump and wash them, standing up to our ankles in water, and then clean out the lavatories. To add to my annoyance, I found that no one on the sick list was allowed to leave the barracks on any pretence whatever. My mother was making a tedious recovery from a dangerous illness. I feared that any worry might bring on a relapse, and the next week asked to have my name taken off and returned to duty. The sub-lieutenant remarked that I was lame, called me out of the ranks, and remonstrated with me on my folly. I kept a prudent silence, and he sent me the other side of the court to give instruction to an unlucky *bleu* who had only just arrived, two years and two months after the proper time. He was a Parisian cabman, a sharp, intelligent fellow, whose name had been accidentally omitted from the lists of his year, and who had just expiated some subordinate official's mistake by eight weeks' confinement in a civil prison. Whenever any of the superior officers noticed my lameness they showed some consideration, and so I managed to hobble on without returning to the sick list. Owing to the unnatural position in which I held my foot, and the bad shape of my boots, I was never free from blisters, so large that my room corporal used to display them to his colleagues as curiosities.

Every third week we were confined to barracks for twenty-four hours on fire-picket duty; after we were once ready, there was little or nothing to be done. I used to bring out my violin, and the men danced, raising clouds of dust with their thick shoes. The violin did much to bring me into favour with the sergeants. Often when I asked for leave, the reply would be, 'Play me a good valse, then !' and after that I was free.

Christmas eve was a great time for practical joking, dancing, and general excitement, with the usual termination of a long punishment list. At the end of the year the colonel inspected our quarters, and very elaborate preparations were made to receive him. I was commissioned to make the customary coloured chalk drawings on the floor, illustrating the principal honours won by the regiment. The colonel spoke to every man in turn in a kindly, encouraging manner. He had a clever, energetic face, and, in spite of his short stature, an imposing look. He was adored by the regiment, and the fear that this was his last inspection raised our enthusiasm for him to the highest point. When the inspection was over all punishments were remitted, and we were given a holiday for the rest of the day.

So the winter passed on, and I became more and more weary of the life. The constant pain in my foot destroyed sleep and appetite, and when I tried to read, the question forced itself on me, 'Was I always so unutterably stupid?' Some slight relief was given me by being passed into the *peloton des dispensés*, composed of students, schoolmasters, &c., who were to receive the preparation that would fit them for becoming officers in the reserve. The only drawback was the endless pages of *théorie* that we had to learn by heart; the books were always with us—even in the canteen they stuck out of our pockets. There was also an 'intonation class' to be attended; it ought to have been called 'shouting practice.' Sergeant Ferry presided, being the loudest bawler in the regiment. Often when sent to the other side of the enormous barrack-yard to shout orders, we shouted nothing but the number of days still left to serve.

Jacques by this time had acquired a feeling for the regiment that almost amounted to affection, but it was only destined to bring him into further trouble. He and two other men were sent to make up the garrison of a small fortress about nine miles off, a place where even constant fires could not dry the damp that stood on the walls, and where rheumatism abounded. A few days after he reappeared, smiling amiably. 'I have come back. Yes, I didn't like it there!' Corporal Steiff narrowly escaped apoplexy; he poured out a vehement stream of reproaches, threatening everything short of decapitation. Jacques listened with bland indifference. He was marched off to the *salle de police*, while our captain, much worried by the incident, telephoned to the fortress. When I took him his supper I found him in no way disconcerted, but talking in a cajoling fashion to a cat that was mewling from the store-room window. The next day he was taken back to the fortress by a sergeant and a corporal, who, irritated by the unnecessary labour, did their best to frighten him. But none of their terrible threats came to pass; the officer in command of the fortress decided that he was an incorrigible dunderhead, and from that time forth Jacques led an easy life, attending drill when he liked, working when he chose.

Early in the spring our colonel was made a general. My company was appointed to carry the colours at his farewell review. Hugon, the peasant who had learnt to read and write so quickly, was ordered to remain in barracks, being brutally told that 'he was too ugly to be seen.' Great would have been the

colonel's wrath if he had known that any man who was considered handsome enough to have his brains knocked out for his country should not be thought worthy to escort its colours. No one in the regiment could be insignificant enough to have no part in his anxious care. The last notice of his that I remember being read at report was with reference to an especially cruel practical joke played on a simpleton: 'It has never been the habit of the 808th to indulge in such cowardly amusements, and such occurrences will be repressed with the utmost severity. Military service is in itself hard enough, and soldiers ought not to add to its burdens by persecuting those of their comrades who are in especial need of encouragement.' The colonel passed slowly in front of the regiment, and then made a short speech, expressing his regret at leaving us, recalling the past glories of the regiment, and promising us that if ever war came, he would give us the first opportunity of winning new laurels. As we marched back to barracks we muttered, 'He is gone! Now the 808th will be just like any other regiment.' Sultan shared the general grief; perhaps he even had some inkling of the fate in store for him. Our new colonel joined, a very new broom, and on our return from a country march we were told that all the regimental dogs had been sent to the slaughter-house. 'And Sultan?' we asked with one voice. 'He escaped. The men chased him very slowly, and somehow he understood.' Not well enough, unhappily, to prevent him from appearing at the next drill. He was caught, and immediately killed. With him died the new colonel's last chance of popularity.

As the spring advanced complicated manœuvres entailing long and rapid marches began, and I fell into such a state of moral and physical exhaustion that I became a mere suffering brute. One day it seemed to me that I was walking on hot iron. One of the lieutenants noticed my excessive lameness, and ordered me to take a seat in the springless, two-wheeled cart that followed. The commandant came up to see what was the matter, and learning that I was a student, questioned me in German. I tried to answer, but my replies were so much mixed with English that he burst out laughing. This was my last attempt at a long march.

Corporal Rameau and Corporal Steiff had been made sergeants, and until they could be replaced, Kessling, as senior private, was in charge of our room. He had grown more and more daring, and so many punishments were heaped on him that he was

practically confined to barracks. On one occasion he earned eight days' *salle de police* by making the time-honoured reply, 'He's hanging on the clothes line to dry!' when questioned by a sergeant as to a comrade's whereabouts; on another he picked up four days for making a good score at rifle practice for a man who said he was afraid his leave would be stopped if he made a bad one.

Rifle practice had always been to me the pleasantest part of the work, but it was my rifle that got me into trouble for the first and last time, and had an indirect result largely affecting my career as a soldier. We were firing under the orders of a newly arrived sub-lieutenant. My first score was a high one, but at the third shot of the second series the breech dragged. The sub-lieutenant declared that my rifle was badly kept, and gave me two days' *salle de police* for not having sufficiently tightened the screw of the magazine. We had manoeuvres in the open country after supper, and did not return until ten o'clock. The corporal took me off to the cells, but made an appeal to the sergeant. 'This man has got himself into trouble about his rifle, but we have had an awful day's work, and you can see the state he is in. Let him sleep in his own bed; he's more dead than alive.' The sergeant consented. I thanked them both, and crawled up to my room. The next morning we spent digging entrenchments, which were immediately refilled. The rest of the day I passed with the *corvée de quartier* sweeping courts. They may have looked no worse for my efforts; they certainly looked no better. When night fell I repaired to the *salle de police*, accompanied by a man who had slipped away from his company when on a long march, and had been found drunk in a town several miles off. He was in an amiable mood, but mildly argumentative and still hazy with drink. 'They say that I was at B.,' he reiterated for the fiftieth time; 'but how could I get there without crossing the river, and how could I cross the river without getting wet? Well, well, there's a Providence that cares for drunkards.' The corporal took us to our cell, and I could not repress a shiver when I saw the condition it was in. It had been whitewashed that morning, and the floor was entirely covered by a deep pool of dirty water. When the adjutant came his rounds his sole remark was that our punishment would be doubled if we defaced the clean walls with idiotic inscriptions! Chanting odes to our late colonel's praise, we fell into a restless sleep. There were three prisoners, and we had one coverlet between us. Small wonder that we woke with

stiffened limbs and a general fit of coughing. When we went out for our usual manœuvres, Kessling told me that I ought to be in the infirmary. 'Not good enough!' I croaked hoarsely; 'I'm holding out for the hospital.' The bugles sounded, and we rushed on an imaginary enemy; but instead of the orthodox cries of 'En avant! A la baïonnette!' we shouted 'Vive la classe! [men in their last year's service] 'We're nearly through!' This maddened the sub-lieutenant, but when his list of punishments was fastened on the wall, the captain of the company tore it down in a fury, shouting, 'You would leave me eight-and-twenty men! I should be ashamed to be seen with them.' That night I carried my coverlet to the cell, which I shared with a man who had been caught by the commandant washing his feet in a basin intended for culinary purposes.

The next day I received a peremptory order to go and have my temperature taken. While waiting for the doctor the sergeant told me to mount guard over the linen that was drying in a field close by. There was a blazing sun, but I shook with cold, and yet was thankful to press my forehead against a wet shirt. When the doctor arrived he said I was in a high fever, and must go to bed at once. The infirmary was a pleasant-looking room with green varnished walls and a fine oak floor, exquisitely polished. Our bedsteads were like corporals', and we had more bedding than in barracks. The infirmary men were supposed to do all the work, but in reality did not even make their own beds, and soldiers almost too weak to stand were kept sweeping, polishing, and dusting from half-past five in the morning. In addition to this they rarely took the trouble to apply any of the remedies that the doctor prescribed. I was considered seriously ill, and only left my bed twice a day when I went downstairs to receive a little hot water in which bones had been boiled, or a portion of skim milk. While waiting in the garden for this meal I was so weak that I was forced to sit down on the stone doorstep. When the surgeon-major and his assistant came, they always spent a long time sounding my chest and muttering, 'There is certainly thickening of the pleura.' Every day my mother came to see me, and whichever of the orderlies led her in never failed to say, 'Your son is precious lucky to be ill. Wish I could get such a jolly long rest!'

One unlucky day the surgeon asked me if I had been cupped. I was obliged to answer 'No'; even if I had felt inclined to try and shield the infirmary man it would have been impossible, as I could

show no marks. The surgeon abused them roundly, and as soon as he had gone the corporal came up to me in a rage. 'You went out of your way to split on us! You shall pay for it; I'll make you rue it!' Luckily, he had no opportunity, for soon after, for a totally different offence, he was reduced to the ranks. At the end of a week I was so much worse that the surgeon decided to send me to hospital. Everyone heard the sentence with envy. Hospital meant a soft bed, good food, kind and skilful treatment.

Kessling brought me my clothes. 'Lucky dog! You *will* have a time. I was there for twenty days once, and I earned myself another twenty by drinking absinthe and milk. I've just been trying to make them take me in because I'm growing so fat, but it was no go.'

I dressed and entered the ambulance, and soon found myself in the land of promise. My ward was entered through a large hall with windows opening on to a splendid garden. The patients were all laughing and chatting; scarcely one of them looked dangerously ill, but I could make a rough guess at the length of their stay by the amount of sunburn still remaining. Pleurisy appeared to be the most common complaint, while perhaps the rheumatic patients from the fortress suffered most. One man entered hospital on the seventh day of his service, and after seven months was still there. He had been born in Russia, and joined without knowing a word of French. He picked it up with amazing rapidity, but it was the most unmitigated soldier slang that ever was heard.

When my mother found my bed at the infirmary empty, the corporal comforted her by saying naïvely, 'Don't trouble yourself, madame; he will be better nursed there than here.'

When the doctor read my ticket, 'Slight pleurisy,' he sniffed contemptuously. 'Slight pleurisy; these military surgeons! How much more do they want?' The sister-in-charge, a nun, was very good to me, and, as soon as I was allowed to eat them, brought me any amount of strawberries. My comrades also insisted on sharing with me any delicacies that they received. In a barrack-room there is a good deal of squabbling and discord when things are in their ordinary course, but I can never forget how often men who themselves could scarcely put one foot in front of another have offered to carry my rifle in addition to their own. My especial friends were two hussars, known as 'the fat hussar' and 'the little hussar,' men of inexhaustible good humour, always smiling, always ready to do a good turn to anyone.

The convalescents helped to polish the floor in a decidedly original way; after the hospital servants had swept and waxed it, one convalescent sat on a woollen rug and was dragged along by two others, the great point of the game being for the 'horses' to upset the driver.

The man in the next bed to mine, a heavy private of the 715th, was dangerously ill with pleurisy. Although he could scarcely breathe, he told me all his history. Until he had been forced to join the regiment, he had supported his mother by working as a dairyman's assistant, but now he could do literally nothing for her, except conceal the fact of his illness. His appetite recovered before he did, and long before our careful physician (who always addressed us as 'tu') would allow any solid food his sharp eyes darted down the ward, and he would tell me, 'No. 16 has chicken and green peas; the others have veal and French beans. Ah, I could eat for *hours*!' Every Saturday afternoon the band played in the garden, and we thought pityingly of the comrades in barracks.

One day the little hussar's captain came to see him, and although he was still weak, kept him standing a long time while he scolded and grumbled, 'Only a few days in the squadron and wasting your time like this! When you come back, I shall put you with the next batch of recruits.' My own captain came to see me, and on leaving actually shook hands. This condescension won the heart of the dairyman's assistant at a blow. 'Madame,' he cried excitedly to my mother on her next visit, 'Regnier's "old one" has been to see him, and shook hands with him!' If it had been a major!

One day the consumptive workman I had seen when we went to get our eyeglasses stood smiling by my bedside. 'I am to be in the next ward,' he said. The next day he returned, almost beside himself with joyful excitement. 'Here's luck! I am to be discharged. I never thought to see Paris so soon.' I tried to congratulate him, but my heart sank. I knew it simply meant that he was not to be allowed to die in the regiment.

The big hussar, who was in hospital for loss of voice, told us in husky whispers that, being disgusted with active service, he had tied a wet cravat round his neck to procure himself a little rest and ease. The plan had succeeded only too well, and after a long stay in hospital he was sent away on indefinite convalescent leave entirely voiceless.

The doctor examined my foot and said there was inflammation of the bone caused by bad boots and over-exertion, but that entire rest would soon make it all right.

The hospital attendants, unlike the infirmary men, were exceedingly good to us, and the whole place was exquisitely kept. I remember at the general inspection they even put eau de Cologne on our handkerchiefs, and the floor was waxed to such a pitch that the assistant-surgeon of the 808th, who came with the surgeon-major to inquire for the sick men of their regiment, fell on the floor at my feet.

As I got a little better some of my comrades came to see me, and I heard the latest regimental gossip. Kessling seemed to have taken up his quarters permanently in the *salle de police*, where on one occasion he had been again joined by the imperturbable Jacques. This worthy, while supposed to be on duty at his fort, had been bribed by a civilian with an offer of five francs to lead three horses into the town. After doing this he calmly went to the barracks, where he was at once seized by the guard, and the next day sent back to the fort. No one could deprive him of the five francs nor of the joyful excitement of returning by train.

As soon as it was possible for me to be moved, my mother got permission to take me home, and I left the hospital on two months' sick leave. At the end of that time I presented myself at the barracks. 'You look healthy enough!' said the surgeon-major, but ended his examination with 'give him a month more!' This brought me so near the end of my year's service that the sergeant ordered me to bring back my regimentals, which I did, amid the congratulations of my comrades. I went to the barrack-room to share out a few trifles that were my private property. On Kessling I bestowed a pair of white gloves; they were both of the same size and had a right and a left—such a thing had never been seen in the company before. Jérôme had a pair of gaiters, almost new, but both for the left foot; my hospital friend No. 14 a fine yellow pompon. As a farewell, I filled the coffee-jug with wine. Pompée offered to shave me as a last act of friendship, but I declined with thanks.

How much gratitude I owe to the zealous sub-lieutenant who, with his two days' *salle de police*, gave me freedom three months before the proper time! How much to the laws of my country which, by compelling us to be soldiers, teach us to value civil life at its true worth!

CHARLES REGNIER.

*BOLD WORDS AT THE BRIDGE.¹**AN AMERICAN-IRISH IDYLL.*

I.

'WELL now,' says I, 'Mrs. Con'ly,' says I, 'however you may tark, 'tis nobody's business and I wanting to plant a few pumpkins for me cow in among me cabbages. I've got the right to plant whatever I may choose, if it's the divil of a crop of t'istles in the middle of me ground. "No, ma'am, you ain't," says Biddy Con'ly, "you ain't got anny right to plant t'istles that's not for the public good," says she, and I, being so hasty wit me timper, I shuk me fist in her face then, and herself shuk her fist at me. Just then Father Brady come by, as luck ardered, an' recom-minded us would we keep the peace. He knew well I'd had my provocation; 'twas to herself he spoke first, you'd think she owned the whole corporation. I wished I'd t'rown her over into the wather, so I did, before he come by at all. 'Twas on the bridge the two of us were. I was stepping home by meself very quiet in the afthernoon to put me tay-kittle on for supper, and herself overtook me—ain't she the bold thing!

"How are you the day, Mrs. Dun'avy?" says she, so mincin' an' preenin', and I knew well she'd put her mind on having words wit me from that minute. I'm one that likes to have peace in the neighbourhood, if it wa'n't fer the likes of her, that makes the top of me head lift and clat' wit rage like a pot-lid!

'What was the matter with the two of you?' asked a listener with simple interest. 'Faix indeed, 'twas herself had a thrife of melons planted the other side of the fince,' acknowledged Mrs. Dunleavy. 'She said the pumpkins would be the ruin of them intirely. I says, and 'twas thrue for me, that I'd me pumpkins planted the week before she'd dropped anny old melon seed into the ground, and the same bein' already dwining from so manny bugs. Oh, but she's blackhearted to give me the lie about it, and say them poor things was all up, and she'd thrown lime on 'em to keep away their inemies when she first see me come out betune me cabbage rows. How well she knew what I might be

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doing? Me cabbages grows far apart and I'd plinty of room, and if a pumpkin vine gets attention you can entice it wher-ever you pl'ase and it'll grow fine and long, while the poor cabbages ates and grows fat, and round, and no harm to anny body, but she must pick a quarrel with a quiet 'oman in the face of every one.

' We were on the bridge, don't you see, and plinty was passing by with their grins, and loitering and stopping after they were behind her back to hear what was going on betune us. Anny body does be liking to get the sound of loud talk an' they having nothing better to do. Biddy Con'ly, seeing she was well watched, got the airs of a pr'acher, and set down whatever she might happen to be carrying and tried would she get the better of me for the sake of their admiration. Oh, but wa'n't she all drabbled and wet from the roads, and the world knows meself for a very tidy walker!

"Clane the mud from your shoes if you're going to dance," 'twas all I said to her, and she being that mad she did be stepping up and down like an old turkey-hin, and shaking her fist all the time at me. "Come now, Biddy!" says I, "what put you out so?" says I. "Sure it creeps me skin when I looks at you! Is the pig dead?" says I, "or any little thing happened to you, ma'am? Sure this is far beyond the rights of a few pumpkin seeds that has just cleared the ground!" and all the folks laughed. I'd no call to have tark with Biddy Con'ly before them idle b'ys and gerrls, nor to let the two of us become their laughing stock. I tuk up me basket, being ashamed then, and I meant to go away, mad as I was. "Come, Mrs. Con'ly," says I, "let bygones be bygones. What's all this whillalu we're afther having about nothing?" says I very pleasant.

"May the divil fly away with you, Mary Dunleavy!" says she then, "spoiling me garden ground, as every one can see, and full of your bold talk. I'll let me hens out into it this afternoon, so I will," says she, and a good deal more. "Hold off," says I, "and remimber what fell to your aunt one day when she sint her hins in to pick a neighbour's piece, and while her own back was turned they all come home and had every sprouted bean and potatie heeled out in the hot sun, and all her fine lettuces picked into Irish lace. We've lived neighbours," says I, "thirteen years," says I, "and we've often had words together above the fince," says I; "but we're neighbours yet, and we've no call to stand here in such spectacles and disgracing ourselves and each

other. Come, Biddy," says I, again, going away with me basket and remimbering Father Brady's caution whin it was too late. Some of the b'ys went off too, thinkin' 'twas all done.

"I don't want anny o' your 'Come, Biddys,' says she stepping at me, with a black stripe across her face, she was that destroyed with rage, and I stepped back and held up me basket between us, she being bigger than I, and I getting no chance, and herself slipped and fell, and her nose got a clout with the hard edge of the basket, it would trouble the saints to say how, and then I picked her up and wint home with her to thry and quinch the blood. Sure I was sorry for the crathur, an' she having such timper boiling in her heart.

"Look at you now, Mrs. Con'ly," says I, kind of soft, "you 'on't be fit for mass these two Sundays with a black eye like this, and your face arl scratched, and every bliguard has gone the lingth of the town to tell tales of us. I'm a quiet 'oman," says I, "and I don't thank you," says I, whin the blood was stopped, "no, I don't thank you for disgracin' an old neighbour like me. 'Tis of our prayers and the grave we should be thinkin', and not be having bold words on the bridge." Wisha! but I t'ought I was after sp'aking very quiet, and up she got and caught up the basket, and I dodged it by good luck, but afther that I walked off and left her to satisfy her foolishness with b'ating the wall, if it pl'ased her. I'd no call for her company anny more and I took a vow I'd never spake a word to her again while the world stood. So all is over since then between Biddy Con'ly and me. No, I don't look at her at all!

II.

SOME time afterward, in late summer, Mrs. Dunleavy stood, large and noisy but generous-hearted, addressing some remarks from her front door-way to a goat on the side walk. He was pulling some of her cherished foxgloves through the picket fence, and eagerly devouring their flowery stalks.

'How well you rache through an honest fince, you black pirate!' she shouted, and finding that harsh words had no effect she took a convenient broom and advanced to strike a gallant blow upon the creature's back. This had the simple effect of making him step a little to one side and modestly begin to nibble at the tuft of grass.

'Well, if I ain't plagued!' said Mrs. Dunleavy, sorrowfully;

'if I ain't troubled with every wild baste, and me cow that was some use gone dry very unexpected, and a neighbour that's worse than none at all. I've nobody to have an honest word with, and the morning being so fine and pleasant. Faix, I'd move away from it if there was anny place I'd enjoy better. I've no heart except for me garden, me poor little crops is doing so well; thanks be to God, me cabbages is very fine.' There does be those that overlooked me pumpkins for the poor cow; they're no size at all, wit' so much rain.'

The two small white houses stood close together with their little gardens behind them. The road was just in front, and led down to a stone bridge which crossed the river to the busy manufacturing village beyond. The air was fresh and cool at that early hour; the wind had changed after a season of dry, hot weather. It was just the morning for a good bit of gossip with a neighbour, but summer was almost done, and the friends were not reconciled. Their respective acquaintances had grown tired of hearing the story of the quarrel, and the novelty of such a pleasing excitement had long been over. Mrs. Connelly was thumping away at a handful of belated ironing, and Mrs. Dunleavy, estranged and solitary, sighed as she listened to the iron. She was sociable by nature, and she had an impulse to go in and sit down as she used at the end of the ironing table.

'Wisha, the poor thing is mad at me yet; I know that from the sounds of her iron. 'Twas a shame for her to go picking a quarrel with the likes of me,' and Mrs. Dunleavy sighed heavily and stepped down into her flower-plot to pull the distressed foxgloves back into their places inside the fence. The seed had been sent her from the old country, and this was the first year they had come into full bloom. She had been hoping that the sight of them would melt Mrs. Connelly's heart into some expression of friendliness, since they had come from adjoining parishes in old County Kerry. The goat lifted his head and gazed at his enemy with mild interest; he was pasturing now by the roadside, and the foxgloves had proved bitter in his mouth.

Mrs. Dunleavy stood looking at him over the fence, glad of even a goat's company.

'Go 'long there; see that fine little tuft ahead now,' she advised him, forgetful of his depredations. 'Oh, to think I've nobody to spake to the day!'

At that moment a woman came in sight round the turn of

the road. She was a stranger—a fellow-countrywoman—and she carried a large newspaper bundle and a heavy hand-bag. Mrs. Dunleavy stepped out of the flower-bed toward the gate, and waited there until the stranger came up and stopped to ask a question.

‘Ann Bogan don’t live here, do she?’

‘She don’t,’ answered the mistress of the house, with dignity.

‘I t’ought she didn’t. You don’t know where she lives, do you?’

‘I don’t,’ said Mrs. Dunleavy.

‘I don’t know ayther. Niver mind, I’ll find her; ’tis a fine day, ma’am.’

Mrs. Dunleavy could hardly bear to let the stranger go away. She watched her far down the hill toward the bridge before she turned to go into the house. She seated herself by the side window next Mrs. Connelly’s, and gave herself to her thoughts. The sound of the flat-iron had stopped when the traveller came to the gate, and it had not begun again. Mrs. Connelly had gone to her front door; the hem of her calico dress could be plainly seen, and the bulge of her apron, and she was watching the stranger quite out of sight. She even came out to the doorstep, and for the first time in many weeks she looked with friendly intent toward her neighbour’s house; then she also came and sat down at her side-window. Mrs. Dunleavy’s heart began to leap with excitement.

‘Bad cess to her foolishness; she does be afther wanting to come round. I’ll not make it too aisy for her,’ said Mrs. Dunleavy, seizing a piece of sewing and forbearing to look up. ‘I don’t know who Ann Bogan is, anny way; perhaps herself does, having lived in it five or six years longer than me. Perhaps she knowed this ’oman be her looks, and the heart is out of her with wanting to know what she asked from me. She can sit there, then, and let her irons grow cold!’

‘There was Bogans when I first come here, living down by the brick mill, neighbours to Flaherty’s folks,’ continued Mrs. Dunleavy, more and more aggrieved. ‘Biddy Con’ly ought to know the Flaherty’s, they being her cousins. ’Twas a fine loud talking ’oman, sure. Biddy might well enough have heard her inquiring of me, and have stepped out, and said if she knew Ann Bogan, and satisfied a poor stranger that was hunting the town over. No, I don’t know anny one in the name of Ann Bogan.’

So I don't,' said Mrs. Dunleavy aloud, 'and there's nobody I can ask a civil question, with everyone that ought to be me neighbours stopping their mouths, and keeping black grudges whin 'twas meself got all the offence.'

'Faix, 'twas meself got the whack on me nose,' responded Mrs. Connelly, quite unexpectedly. She was looking squarely at the window where Mrs. Dunleavy sat behind the screen of blue mosquito netting. They were both conscious that Mrs. Connelly made a definite overture of peace.

'That one was a very civil spoken 'oman that passed by just now,' announced Mrs. Dunleavy, handsomely waiving the subject of the quarrel and coming frankly to the subject of present interest. 'Faix, 'tis a poor day for Ann Bogans; she'll find that out before she gets far in the place.'

'Ann Bogans was plinty here once, then, God rest them! There was two Ann Bogans—mother and daughter—lived down by Flaherty's when I first come here. They died in the one year, too, 'tis most twinty years ago,' said Bridget Connelly in her most friendly tone.

'I'll find her,' says the poor 'oman, as if she'd only to look; 'indeed, she's got the boldness,' reported Mary Dunleavy, peace being fully restored.

''Twas to Flaherty's she'd go first, and they all moved to La'rence twelve years ago, and all she'll get from anny one would be the address of the cimet'ry. There was plinty here knowing to Ann Bogan once. That 'oman is one I've seen long ago, but I can't name her yet. Did she say who she was?' asked the neighbour.

'She didn't. I'm sorry for the poor 'oman, too,' continued Mrs. Dunleavy in the same spirit of friendliness. 'She'd the expectin' look of one who came hoping to make a nice visit and find friends, and herself lugging a fine bundle. She'd the looks as if she'd lately come out, very decent but old-fashioned. Her bonnet was made at home, anny ways, did ye mind? I'll lay it was bought in Cork when it was new, or, may be, 'twas from a good shop in Bantry or Kinnmare, or some o' those old places. If she'd seemed satisfied to wait I'd made her the offer of a cup of tay, but off she wint with great courage.'

'I don't know, but I'll slip on me bonnet in the afternoon and go find her,' said Biddy Connelly, with hospitable warmth. 'I've seen her before; perhaps 'twas long whiles ago at home.'

'Indeed, I thought of it meself,' said Mrs. Dunleavy, with approval. 'We'd best wait, perhaps, till she'll be coming back; there's no trains now till three. She might stop here till the five, and we'll find out all about her. She'll have a very lonesome day, whoever she is. Did ye see that old goat aiting the best of me fairy-fingers that all bloomed the day?' she asked, eagerly, afraid that the conversation might come to an end at any moment; but Mrs. Connelly took no notice of so trivial a subject.

'Me melons is all getting ripe,' she announced, with an air of satisfaction. 'There's a big one must be ate now while we can; it's down in the cellar cooling itself, an' I'd like to be dropping it, getting down the stairs. 'Twas aafter picking it I was, before breakfast, itself having begun to crack open. Himself was the b'y that loved a melon, an' I ain't got the heart to look at it alone. Come over, will ye, Mary?'

'Deed, then, an' I will,' said Mrs. Dunleavy, whose face was close against the mosquito netting. 'Thim old pumpkin vines was no good, anny way; did you see how one of them had the invintion, and wint away upon the fince entirely wit' its great flowers, an' there come a rain on 'em, and so they all blighted? I'd no call to grow such stramming great things in me piece, anny way, ating up all the goodness from me cabbages.'

That afternoon the re-united friends sat banqueting together, and keeping an eye on the road. They had so much to talk over, and found each other so agreeable, that it was impossible to dwell with much regret upon the long estrangement. When the melon was only half finished, the stranger of the morning, with her large unopened bundle and the heavy hand-bag, was seen making her way up the hill. She wore such a weary and disappointed look that she was accosted and invited in by both the women, and being proved by Mrs. Connelly to be an old acquaintance, she joined them at their feast.

'Yes, I was here seventeen years ago for the last time,' she explained. 'I was working in Lawrence, and I came over and spent a fortnight with Hanora Flaherty; then I wint home that year to mind me old mother, and she lived to past ninety. I'd nothing to keep me then, and I was always home-sick aafter America, so back I come to it, but all me old frinds and neighbours is changed and gone. Faix, this is the first welcome I've got yet from anny one. 'Tis a beautiful welcome too; I'll get me apron out of me bundle, by your l'ave, Mrs. Con'ly. You've

a strong resimblance to Flaherty's folks, dear, being cousins. Well, 'tis a fine thing to have good neighbours. You an' Mrs. Dunleavy is very pleasant here so close together.'

'Well, we does be having a hasty word now and then, ma'am,' confessed Mrs. Dunleavy, 'but ourselves is good neighbours this thirteen years. Whin a quarrel's about nothing betune friends it don't count for much, so it don't.'

'Most quarrels is the same way,' said the stranger, who did not like melons, but accepted a hot cup of tea. 'Sure it takes two to make a quarrel and but one to end it, that's what me mother always told me, that never gave anny one a cross word in her life.'

'Tis a beautiful melon,' repeated Mrs. Dunleavy for the seventh time. 'Sure, I'll plant a few seed meself next year; me pumpkins is no good afther all me foolish pride wit' 'em. Maybe the land don't suit 'em, but, glory be to God! me cabbages is the size of the house, an' you'll git the pick of the best, Mrs. Con'ly.'

'What's melons betune friends, or cabbages ayther, that they should ever make anny trouble?' answered Mrs. Connelly, handsomely. And the great feud was for ever ended.

But the stranger, innocent that she was the harbinger of peace, could hardly understand why Bridget Connelly insisted upon her staying over night and talking over old times, and why the two women put on their bonnets and walked, one on either hand, to see the town with her that evening. As they crossed the bridge they looked at each other shyly, and then began to laugh.

'Well, I missed it the most on Sundays going all alone to mass,' confessed Mary Dunleavy. 'I'm glad there's no one here seeing us go over, so I am.'

'Twas ourselves had bold words at the bridge once that we've got the laugh about now,' explained Mrs. Connelly, politely, to the stranger.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

MUSIC AND MATRIMONY.

THE great musicians have not been, on the whole, the staunchest supporters of the Baconian theory that the best works and those of most merit have proceeded from unmarried men. There is probably not one of them who would not have joined with the witty Frenchman in saying that there are only two beautiful things in this world—women and roses; and only two sweet things—women and melons. Leaving the roses and the melons out of account, at any rate, there need be no doubt on the point. Jean Paul Richter declares somewhere that a man cannot live piously or die righteously without a wife, and with this opinion most of the composers have shown a practical agreement. To be sure, the wives in some cases have not done much to enable the husbands either to live piously or die righteously; but that may have been as much the fault of the husbands as of the wives. Your man of genius, as a rule, begins badly in the matrimonial lottery. He seldom falls upon a wise choice of a wife. He is too ideal—and especially the musician, who lives in the clouds, is too ideal—to look at all sides of the housekeeping question before taking the lover's leap. As Romeo puts it, he will have nothing to do with philosophy unless philosophy can make him a Juliet; and since philosophy does not make Juliets, the genius makes a blunder, and thereby presents the world with one of the surest signs of his genius. For the world hardly ever expects a man of genius to marry rightly; and, indeed, one cannot help suspecting the world of regarding a slip in matrimony as among the outward and visible manifestations of the divine spark that glows within. Why it should be so is not very easy to explain. But, then, who thinks of trying to explain such things as love and matrimony?

Certainly the loves of some of the great musicians, and the vagaries to which these loves have led, are not to be readily accounted for on the principles by which the ordinary mortal is guided. Suppose we take a few actual cases in illustration. There is Berlioz, for example. It was almost a necessity of the nature of that erratic genius, as it was of the nature of Burns, that he should be in love. To him, as to Sir Thomas Browne, the silent note which Cupid struck was far sweeter than the sound of

an instrument; and assuredly the dance which his Cupids led him at various times was such a dance as never instrument yet played to. At one time, when staying in Italy, he heard that a certain frivolous and unscrupulous Parisian beauty, who had bled his not overfilled purse rather freely, was about to be married. The news should have gladdened his heart, but instead of that it set up a spirit of revenge, and Berlioz hurried off to Paris with pistols in his pockets, not even waiting for passports. He attempted to cross the frontier in women's clothes, and was arrested. A variety of *contretemps* occurred before he got to the French capital, and by that time he had so cooled down that he found no use for his pistols.

But this was only a preliminary canter. The romantic passion which most influenced Berlioz's life began when he had reached the comparatively sober age of twenty-seven. He had caught the contagion of an enthusiasm for Shakespeare which, thanks mainly to Victor Hugo, was then raging in Paris. Ophelia and Juliet were his pet heroines, and Ophelia and Juliet were then being impersonated by Harriet Smithson, a pretty Irish actress for whom a good many people at home had lost their wits. Harriet created quite a furore among the Parisians; but while she was simply admired by other men, she became with Berlioz the object of a violent—nay, an almost devouring—passion. To him she was a celestial divinity, a lovely ideal of art and beauty, a personification of the transcendent genius of Shakespeare himself. Just read how this otherwise sane man wrote at this time: 'Oh! that I could find her,' he exclaims, 'the Juliet, the Ophelia that my heart calls to; that I could drink in the intoxication of mingled joy and sadness that only true love knows. Could I but rest in her arms one autumn eve, rocked by the north wind, and sleeping my last sleep!' But Berlioz meant to have his Juliet in his arms before falling into his last sleep. His first step to that end was to give a concert at great expense, at which he hoped Miss Smithson would be present. Unfortunately, the concert proved a failure; and, worse than that, the adored one was not there—she had not even heard of it!

Berlioz was in utter despair, but luck was yet to favour him. In course of time the Shakespearean craze began to wane, and Miss Smithson found herself in pecuniary straits. Subsequently she had a fall, broke her leg, and was incapacitated from ever again appearing on the stage. Now was Berlioz's opportunity.

His passion burned as fiercely as ever, and presently he was on his knees before the divine Harriet, offering not only to pay all her debts out of his own slender means but to marry her as well. The ceremony took place at once, and thus began a connection which led to the most bitter results. An old English bishop once remarked that 'there is but one shrew in the world, and every man hath her.' Berlioz would have agreed, with this difference: that his shrew was worse than any other man's shrew. He soon discovered that his divinity was a woman of fretful and imperious temper, jealous of mere shadows, and totally lacking in sympathy with his ideals. In course of time her peevish complaints and ungovernable jealousy fairly cooled the composer's ardour, and in the end he went his own way and provided for her living apart. If he had chosen a wife as the Vicar of Wakefield chose his, not for 'a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well,' he might have had all the domestic joys that fell to the lot of that estimable character. But Berlioz was a genius, and the Vicar of Wakefield was not.

From a matrimonial point of view Haydn fared no better, although he did not show himself quite so foolish. To begin with, he married not the girl he was in love with but her sister. 'Haydn, you should take my *oldest* daughter,' said father Keller, the barber; and as Keller had done a good deal for Haydn, the composer felt that he must sacrifice his affection on the altar of duty and oblige the old man. At the time of the marriage, in 1760, Haydn was twenty-nine, while his Anna Maria was thirty-two. There does not seem to have been much love on either side to start with; but Haydn declared that he had really begun to 'like' his wife, and would have come to entertain a stronger feeling for her if she had behaved in a reasonable way. Unfortunately, Anna Maria had neither rhyme nor reason in her composition. The entertaining Marville says that the majority of ladies married to men of genius are so vain of the abilities of their husbands that they are frequently insufferable. But Frau Haydn was not a lady of that kind. The world had emphatically proclaimed her husband a genius, but to Maria it was quite immaterial whether he were a cobbler or an artist. Nay, she even committed the incredible crime of using the composer's manuscript scores for curling-paper, as underlays for pastry, and similar things! She was gay enough with it all, too. When Haydn went from home she would send him the most cheerful

little notes. 'Should you die to-day or to-morrow,' ran one of these missives, 'there is not enough money left in the house to bury you.' At another time, when Haydn was in London, he received a letter in which Maria wrote that she had just seen a neat little house which she liked very much, and that he might do himself the pleasure to send her 2,000 gulden with which to buy it, so as to have in future a 'widow's home.' Pleasant reading this for the genial composer! In the first case he wrote, without a trace of anger: 'Should this be so, take my manuscripts to the music publisher. I guarantee you that they will be worth money enough to defray my funeral expenses.' In the matter of the 'widow's home,' he thought it would be best to arrange things himself. Ultimately he bought the house, and in spite of Maria's frequent suggestions of his coming dissolution, he lived in it for nine years after she had been dead. Frau Haydn saw out her seventy years, but some time before that the pair had agreed to live apart as the best way of ending a union which had proved utterly unbearable to the composer.

For many years, of course, Haydn had been seeking occasional consolation from the society of other ladies—and finding it, too. When he came to England he succumbed to the charms of a certain Mrs. Shaw, who figures in his diary as the most beautiful woman he had ever met. As a matter of fact, Haydn was always meeting the 'most beautiful' woman. 'The loveliest woman I ever saw' was at one time a Mrs. Hodges; while at another time the widow of a musician named Schroeter so fascinated him that he kept her letters for many years, and declared that if it were not for the existence of Anna Maria he would have married her. Certainly Mrs. Schroeter's letters were pleasant enough. 'Every moment of your company,' she wrote from Buckingham Gate in 1792, 'is more and more precious to me now your departure is so near. I feel for you the fondest and tenderest affection the human heart is capable of. I ever am, with the most inviolable attachment, my dearest and most beloved Haydn, most faithfully and most affectionately yours.' What would the absent Frau Doctorin Haydn have said had she known of it? The composer also got mixed up in a little affair with the beautiful Mrs. Billington. Sir Joshua Reynolds was painting her portrait for him, and had represented her as St. Cecilia listening to celestial music. 'What do you think of the charming Billington's picture?' said the artist to Haydn when the work was finished. 'It is indeed a

beautiful picture,' replied Haydn. 'It is just like her; but there is a strange mistake: you have painted her listening to the angels, when you ought to have painted the angels listening to her.' If Haydn paid compliments like this all round, we can easily understand how he attained such fame as a London society man.

Mozart gave the most practical of all reasons for taking a wife: he wanted some one to look after his linen. It is true he declared himself in love, but perhaps, like Dr. Johnson, he believed that marriage for so unsubstantial a thing as love was good enough for nobody but 'big school-children and—fools.' Unluckily, Mozart did not any more prove his wisdom by the choice of a wife than many other geniuses have done. With him it was literally a case of 'how happy could I be with either.' It was also another of the many instances of musicians falling in love with their pupils. In the course of those early musical tours round which so many doubtful stories have gathered, the wonderful prodigy landed at Mannheim, and was introduced to a theatrical copyist named Weber—an uncle, by the way, of the composer of *Der Freischütz*. From Mozart himself we learn that old Weber was a 'downright honest German,' who at this time was doing his best to bring up a family of six on an income of 300 florins per annum. The 'honest German' had a daughter, Aloysia, a girl of fifteen, who was not only pretty—which might have been enough—but was also musical. Mozart was engaged to give her singing lessons, and she gave him her heart in return. The composer was only twenty at this time, and he was still dependent on his father, who, naturally enough in the circumstances, warned him of the imprudence of his amour. But Mozart would have no warning. He even proposed to take Aloysia to Salzburg 'to make the acquaintance of Mozart's dear papa,' hoping, no doubt, that the parent would give way when he discovered the charms of the lady. 'Dear papa,' however, would have nothing to do with the proposal, and was equally obdurate though coaxingly told that Fräulein not only sang divinely, but played sonatas at first sight.

By and by the composer went to Paris to study, and to tell the French that 'the devil himself invented their language.' When he returned to Mannheim after a twelvemonth he learned for the first time in his life that women are as little to be depended on as riches and fiddle-strings. Aloysia Weber had meanwhile got an engagement at the Munich Theatre, and her success had quite turned her head. A poor musician for a husband was now out of the question, and she frankly said so. Mozart bore the trial as

well as a young man of twenty-one might be expected to do. Nay, we even find him writing to his father: 'I was a fool about Aloysia Weber, I own; but what is a man not when in love?' Ay! what indeed! Nevertheless, in spite of the experience, Mozart was soon making a fool of himself again, through taking up his residence at the house of the Webers. There was another daughter, Constance, and to her the composer now transferred his affections. Of course, 'dear papa' objected as before, and in return for his objections there came a minute description of the character and person of the young lady. She had 'a pair of bright black eyes and a pretty figure'; she was 'kind-hearted, clever, modest, good-tempered, economical, neat.' It was utterly untrue that she was extravagant; she dressed her own hair, understood housekeeping, and had the best heart in the world. Mozart loved her with his 'whole soul,' and she loved him. What more was to be said? A good deal, at any rate by 'dear papa,' who was prosaic enough to think that Wolfgang should wait until he could afford to keep a wife. Mozart, like the wayward son in the novel, was of a different opinion. 'Constance,' he writes to his father, 'is a well-conducted, good girl, of respectable parentage, and I am in a position to earn at least *daily bread* for her. We love each other, and we are resolved to marry. All that you have written, or may possibly write, on this subject can be nothing but well-meant advice, which, however good and sensible, can no longer apply to a man who has gone so far with a girl. There can therefore be no question of further delay.' This was emphatic enough. The letter was closely followed by another asking consent to an immediate marriage, but as no reply came Mozart took silence for assent, and presently celebrated a quiet wedding, his bride being eighteen and himself twenty-six.

A tolerably happy life was the result—at any rate for the composer, whose loving eyes detected no fault in his wife from first to last. His devotion was that of simple and childlike sincerity, which 'made sunshine in their lives even when things looked darkest.' When Constance was ill, if the husband went out for a walk in the early morning he would previously write a note to be placed beside her bed and read on her waking. 'Good-morning, my darling wife!' he would say. 'I hope you have slept well, that you were undisturbed, that you will not rise too early, that you will not catch cold, nor stoop too much, nor overstrain yourself, nor scold your servants, nor stumble over the threshold of the next room. Spare yourself all household worries till I come back;

may no evil befall you.' When he goes travelling he carries her portrait with him, telling her in his letters what nonsense he addresses to it, and commenting on the nonsense in this way: 'I know I have written something very foolish—for the world, at all events—but not in the least foolish for us, who love each other so fondly. This is the sixth day that I have been absent from you, and, by heavens! it seems to me a year.'

The composer of *Der Freischütz* was one of the happy benedicts, but he, too, had his difficulties on the path towards matrimonial peace. His diary reveals some of his difficulties in no equivocal manner. 'Terrible scene with Thérèse,' we read in one place. In another, 'Again saw Thérèse. Long estrangement; at last reconciliation; indescribably affecting, our sufferings vanishing as if by enchantment.' Soon after: 'She loves me not; if she did, would it be possible for her to speak with such warmth of her first love, to dwell with delight on each small incident of its commencement, and to relate her own peculiar feelings of that time?' And who was this Thérèse who thus had the composer now on the summit of bliss, now in the depths of despair? Alas! Thérèse was a married woman, the mother of several children. She had risen from the ballet to the position of an actress, and when Weber came into contact with her at opera rehearsals she was undertaking light parts with fair success. Of course the artful woman had no real affection for the composer, but she was highly flattered by his attentions, and her husband, a dancer, even encouraged her to lead him on, with the view of obtaining, through Weber's influence, professional advancement for himself.

Weber saw very clearly the folly of his infatuation, and by-and-by he was helped out of it by the attractions of a rising prima donna, the simple, innocent Carolina Brandt. But Thérèse was not to be easily shaken off. She constantly tormented the composer with reproaches about his inconstancy. And, indeed, Weber does not seem to have known his own mind. 'Without her no joy; with her only sorrow,' was what he wrote of the old love after being on with the new. On her birthday he made the married lady a present of a gold watch and a set of charms symbolical of his affection. Moreover, he prepared her a costly treat in the shape of a dish of oysters. The capricious coquette hardly noticed the watch, still less the charms; but she fell to the oysters with a will, and so disgusted Weber with her 'devouring avidity' that the illusion which she had created was at once and

for ever dispelled. He now went back to his Carolina, and in due course the marriage took place. A few months before the event Weber wrote to the adored one : 'If women thrive as well in this most prosperous year as wine seems to do, I shall often call out, in sipping a glass of the 1817 vintage, "That was the good year when my wife ripened for me"; therefore remember to be matured by the sun of truth and knowledge, be refreshed by the dew of love and patience, so that our marriage may be blessed with the bright, clear wine of life, to renew, to strengthen, and to bless us.' Weber's expectations were more than realised. Sir Julius Benedict, who knew the pair intimately, says the composer's beloved Carolina contrived to make him a home which offered him every happiness. Besides her sweet disposition and cheerfulness, her acquaintance with the stage, her talent as a vocalist, and her sound judgment in musical matters were of inestimable value to Weber. To him, in short, she was what Andromache was to Hector, 'his soul's far dearer part.'

Most people know what happiness Mendelssohn found in his married life, for he speaks much about it in his letters, which are among the most delightful things of their kind. As his friend Ferdinand Hiller said, his beautiful, gentle, sensible wife spread a charm over the whole household, and reminded one of a Raphael Madonna. Mendelssohn, who had already succumbed to many a passing fancy, met Mlle. Cécile Renaud quite by accident when in 1836 he went to Frankfort to relieve a sick friend from the duty of conducting a vocal society there. The mother of the lady was a widow, still comparatively young and handsome, and Mendelssohn was at first so reserved that people thought she must be the object of his frequent visits to the house. But in truth, though reserved, Mendelssohn was none the less seriously in love. And yet he seems to have had his doubts about the lasting character of his passion. At any rate, he resolved to adopt the not very common expedient of testing it by separation, and went off to the Hague for a month, only to prove to himself that absence does in reality make the heart grow fonder. The engagement followed as a matter of course. Some cynic has said that bachelors are rational and married men are rational, but the man who is 'engaged' is always something of a lunatic. Mendelssohn came pretty near to proving the truth of the remark. He had barely got over the difficulties of popping the question when he was writing to his mother: 'I can settle nothing till I have written to tell you that I have just been accepted by Cécile. My head is

quite giddy from the events of the day, but I must write to you: I feel so rich and happy.'

The wedding soon came off, and Mendelssohn expressed himself as in greater bliss than ever. Unhappily for him, the honeymoon was scarcely ended when he had to tear himself away from his Cécile; and he grumbles lustily at the fate which compels the separation. He had to come to England to conduct his 'St. Paul' at Birmingham, and this was how he wrote to Hiller after landing in London: 'Here I sit in the fog, very cross, without my wife, writing to you because your letter of the day before yesterday requires it, otherwise I should hardly do so, for I am much too cross and melancholy to-day. I must be a little fond of my wife, because I find that England and the fog, and beef and porter, have such a horribly bitter taste this time, and I used to like them so much.' Madame Mendelssohn was indeed, by all accounts, such a charming creature as any man might have complained of being separated from, even long after the honeymoon 'doth cold, obscure, and tremulous appear.' When Moscheles paid his first visit to the married pair, he wrote of the lady as being 'very charming, very unassuming and childlike,' though not, in his judgment, a perfect beauty, because she is a blonde. He adds that her way of speaking is simple, but her German is 'Frankforty,' and therefore not pure. 'She said naively at dinner, "I speak too slowly for my Felix, and he so quickly that I do not always understand him." She is so unaffected in her ways that she often got up to hand us something.' Madame Moscheles, again, adds her congratulations to 'the excitable, effervescent Mendelssohn: he has met with a wife so gentle, so exquisitely feminine, they are perfectly matched.' Mendelssohn might well be congratulated on his choice. His peculiarly beautiful character gives a zest to all that we can learn about his life, and to nothing more than to the record of his home experiences.

Luther declared that it was no more possible to do without a wife than to do without eating and drinking; but there have been a good many unmarried musicians for all that. Still, they have for the most part given assent to the theory so far as to make some effort towards attaining the blissful state. It is usual to represent Handel as a cold-hearted misogynist because he was a bachelor. But Handel was certainly more than once engaged to be married. First it was to an Italian lady with whom he fell in love while a young man in Venice. Afterwards he would almost

certainly have married an English lady, but for the rude way in which the mother interposed; and finally he was engaged to a lady of large property who insisted, as a condition of the union, that he should give up the practice of his art, which Handel would as soon have thought of doing as of going without his dinner. It is indeed curious to note how frequently the musicians have escaped matrimony owing to the absurdly mean view taken of their profession by prospective fathers-in-law. Bellini practically died of a broken heart because the father of his *innamorata*, a Neapolitan judge, declined his suit on account of his social position. Beethoven, again, certainly had desires towards matrimony. 'Oh God!' he exclaims, 'let me at last find her who is destined to be mine, and who shall strengthen me in virtue.' But Beethoven had none of the arts and graces of the lover, and to the end he remained wedded only to his art—which was perhaps just as well both for the art and the woman.

Gluck, the founder of the modern opera, had also to contend with the Philistine father, in this case a rich banker and merchant, who had no very high opinion of the financial resources of musicians. Fortunately for Gluck, however, the banker died while the composer's love was still fresh, and consequently there was a Madame Gluck left to mourn him when he said farewell to the world. Chopin's 'sentimental amenities' with George Sand have been the subject of more speculation than the love affairs of any other musician who has ever lived. It was a heartless business altogether on the side of the lady, who not only left the composer to his cough and his piano after winning all the affection he had to give, but represented him to the world as a consumptive and exasperating nuisance. Poor Schubert was another unfortunate; for the one passion of his life was connected with the beautiful Countess Caroline Esterhazy, the finest flower of the haughty Austrian caste, who stood at an infinite distance from the man who wrote his immortal songs amid the clatter of beery roisterers' mugs. 'Why have you dedicated nothing to me?' inquired the Countess on one occasion. The question gave the opportunity, and with abrupt, passionate intensity of tone Schubert replied, 'What's the use of that? Everything belongs to you.'

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

'FELL WALKING' RECORDS.

THIS paper may be described as a collection of the 'fell walking' records of Lakeland, with as much comparison in fact and figure as may interest the general reader. They are not competitive events in accordance with the common use of the word 'record,' but, primarily at all events, were carried out that men might look back in after years to the time when they were strong and active and could climb mountain after mountain.

As a comparison of the walking and climbing powers of the men to be mentioned, no account can be absolutely accurate. No two parties take precisely the same routes in their walks, each avoiding some particular variety of fell land—scree, boulder, crag, or bog—and the value of these avoidances varies in the estimates of other men. The admixture of road and fell over which these walks have been taken is unfavourable to exactitude, for a point to point record, involving a considerable stretch of level, may not really be so gigantic a task as a twenty-four hours' walk over fells exclusively. Another element which cannot be resolved into figures is the weather which, as in all outdoor events, is an important factor towards success. An unexpected snow squall, a freezing gale, or a dense mist may completely stop a walk, whereas on bright, cool days, with dry surfaces under foot, great distances are compassed with ease.

In this comparison, a few rules with regard to figures have been more or less followed, but circumstances often make any systematic treatment useless. While miles walked on the road may be classed as units, the fatigue of each mile over mountain land varies considerably. According to one eminent authority, the average fell mile is equal to two by road. When screes or boulders are negotiated, each mile will be more difficult, while when great ascents are climbed, the unit may equal as many as four ordinary miles. The energy required in crossing grassy moors, on the other hand, may not be more than equal to road work, but is best assessed as ranging from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$, according to slope and climatic conditions. Boggy stretches, however, make sport with figures—after a wet period, their passing is often

as exhausting as the hardest ascent; in dry times they are quite easily dealt with. The in and out nature of the figures quoted below must be attributed to such accidentals as these. When record walking, some men take all favourable slopes at a run, and this mode of progression is very wearying, though the rapid waste of power may not be noticed at the time. Others, to save too severe concussion of foot and leg muscles, walk down such places, when the fatigue mileage must be increased by one half to compensate.

In general, 'fell walks' resolve themselves into two classes, the first including attempts to pass a specified number of points in the shortest possible time; the second, records in which the time only is approximately fixed. It must be also remembered that these long walks only attract a few men in a generation, and whole decades have passed without anything noteworthy being done. During the past few seasons more than usual attention has been given to the sport, and it is to be hoped that still greater interest will be aroused.

A fell walk calls for more than speed and strength; vigilance of eye and foot must combine to cope with the ever-changing level; there must be a certain 'hold back' of power to change, as a flash, stride into leap, walk into run; the ability to journey accurately through damp mist; the strength and endurance to cope with the sterner side of the weather; the precise knowledge of locality; the instant recognition of the faintest landmark or sign of nature and its application to rectify any error—without these a long fell walk cannot be carried out.

Then, of course, a man must be trained to the task—that is, if he is to do it with the greatest possible ease. Few of the men who have done these enormous walks could be termed 'trained' by any stretch of the imagination. This form of athleticism is different from any other popular sport, and the training requisite is therefore of a different kind. The man must not be too finely drawn, as a good deal of 'substance' is required. A fell walker is constantly jolting himself as he copes with the ground, leaping here, balancing himself on a rock pinnacle there, and unless there is a considerable reserve force no man would be equal to the task.

All the fell walking records have been made over three great mountain groups: Skiddaw, lying to the north of the Greta, including the peaks of Skiddaw (3,054 feet) and Saddleback or Blencathra (2,847 feet). About twelve miles south of this is the

Scawfell range, the backbone of the Lake District, lying at the heads of Borrowdale, Langdale, Wastdale, Dunnerdale, and Eskdale, and comprising three main peaks, Scawfell (3,163 feet), Scawfell Pike (3,208 feet), and Great End (2,984 feet). These are divided by Eskhause from the Bowfell chain (2,960 feet), and by the Sty Head Pass from Great Gable (2,949 feet) and its kindred giants. This district contains the roughest and highest ground in England—in fact, its rocky slopes afford the crag climbing which has given the Lake District a name for such work. Helvellyn is the remaining mountain mass, divided from the Scawfell group by a long moor some one thousand eight hundred feet in average altitude and nine miles in breadth, and from Skiddaw by the vale of the Glendaramakin. It divides the Thirlmere and Legburthwaite valleys from Patterdale and Grasmere, its chief peaks being Helvellyn (3,118 feet), and Fairfield (2,863 feet) across the Grisedale tarn depression. The rest of the country is furrowed into deep narrow valleys.

The pioneer in 'record walking' was the Rev. T. M. Elliott, of Cambridge, who in the early sixties made the round of the fells surrounding Wastdalehead. After scaling Scawfell, he passed over Scawfell Pike and Great End into the Sty Head Pass. From here he climbed the Great Gable, whence keeping on the highest ground he walked, by way of Kirkfell, the Pillar Fell and the Steeple, to Red Pike and Stirrup Crag, finishing at Wastdale head. His time was $8\frac{1}{2}$ hours, during which 6,500 feet were ascended, and a round of some fifteen miles covered, requiring energy sufficient for 38 level miles. Practically all the walking was done on ground more elevated than 1,500 feet. Mr. Elliott, who did much Alpine climbing, met his death by falling from a glacier, July 1869.

In the spring of 1870, a notable walk was done by Mr. Thomas Watson, of Darlington, and Wilson, the Lodore guide. For the height ascended, the distance covered, and the rapidity with which it was executed, this excursion ranks high. The pair left Keswick just before midnight, and covered the nine miles to Seathwaite by 2 A.M., thence making for Scawfell Pike, where they were greeted by a most unwelcome snow squall. They next wended their way through Langdale Head and across the Stake Pass to Wythburn and Helvellyn, where—the mist being very dense—they more than once lost the way. During a most unfavourable evening they ascended Saddleback and Skiddaw, the

strong wind over the Forest compelling them to progress over the more exposed portions on hands and knees. The walk was concluded at 7.45 P.M., and, in figures, works out to : Total elevation, 10,507 feet ; time, $19\frac{3}{4}$ hours : distance in miles, 48 ; equivalent on the level to 74 miles.

Again, for several years, no fresh record was made till a well-known member of the Alpine Club tried to climb Bowfell, Scawfell Pike, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw in one day. Accompanied by old Mackereth, the Langdale guide, he barely succeeded ; his general course has been adopted as the 'Four Fells Record' of later climbers. The total distance was 41 miles, of which $16\frac{1}{2}$ were over the fells. In fatigue the route was equivalent to 57 miles level. The total of elevation reached 9,000 feet.

The first successful attempt to cut this was by the brothers Tucker in June 1878. They left Elterwater at 4.20 A.M. and reached the summit of Bowfell in the remarkable time of 1 hour 40 minutes. The day now developed extreme heat, the thermometer reaching 78 degrees in the shade. Passing over the rough crags to Eskhause, they scaled Scawfell Pike by 8 A.M., and then began the long descent into Borrowdale, and to Keswick. At two o'clock the four were standing on the top of Skiddaw—a very fast performance, averaging $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour on the road and just over two on the fell. This speed was too good to last, and Helvellyn, some fifteen miles away over fairly good ground, took six hours to reach, but this period included refreshments. Getting their second strength, the long descent to Grasmere was soon reached, whence a couple of miles over Red Bank would have finished the route. But as the brothers elected to walk home by way of Rydal and Ambleside, the record received an addition of 10 miles, Elterwater not being reached till 11.58 P.M. The total time was 19 hours 38 minutes, and the pace over the whole approached three miles per hour. The four brothers—one of whom is now Bishop of Uganda and another a well-known landscape artist—were fine, lusty men, hardened to the fell and renowned walkers.

The above figures represented the record until August 1895, when Messrs. Dawson, Poole, and Palmer made an attempt. At 1 A.M., on a wet morning, Mr. J. J. Astley started the party from Elterwater Common. The clouds were soon climbed into, and then commenced a grope upwards. Bowfell Caern was reached by 3.20 A.M., fully 45 minutes behind the record, after which the

trio made for Eskhause. At no period was a greater distance than a hundred yards clear, and consequently the path was soon lost. The rugged beauty of the crags in Ewer Gap, with the dark brooding Angle Tarn beneath, may be appreciated in broad daylight; but when torrents of rain and the coldness of the hour before dawn are added, the scene becomes dreadful rather than sublime. At one stage, the party came to a very steep declivity and were preparing to descend when a whirl of wind sent the mist clear from below. There, at the foot of the precipice, on the brink of which the three stood, was Angle Tarn; an advance of a few more yards would have put them in a precarious position. With Eskhause lighter banks of mist were reached, and the less pronounced darkness pointed to sunrise. Palmer, who had injured his knee in crossing one of the crag beds, now began to move with difficulty, and within five minutes of Scawfell Pike gave up the attempt. This peak was reached by 5.5 A.M., and 45 minutes later the party divided on Eskhause, Dawson and Poole continuing through Borrowdale to Skiddaw. In the valley the sun came out splendidly, but the tops did not clear all day. Skiddaw was climbed by 11.15 A.M., 35 minutes in arrears. Being behind at this stage of the walk did not promise much success, but it was hoped that time would be gained towards Helvellyn; and so it proved. This last point was made at 4 P.M., with twenty minutes in hand, the descent, being varied toward Dunmail Raise, enabling the walkers to reach the Traveller's Rest—near Grasmere—at 5.53. Palmer, who had crossed from Elterwater, here met the pair and, despite his condition, paced his comrades to the end. Ambleside was passed at 7.22, and the walk came to a finish, amid general enthusiasm, at 8.17 $\frac{3}{4}$ P.M., the record thus being improved by 20 $\frac{1}{4}$ minutes. It was really a technical victory, but considering the calibre of the climbers a wonderful one. The 1895 party did not know much of the ground, Palmer being the only one who knew anything of the route between Scawfell and Helvellyn, and his early retirement probably hindered the result. This attempt is the latest on the Four Fells record, but there is a considerable margin still to reduce.

It is not surprising to find that the most appreciated record is the twenty-four hours, and several attempts on it may be instanced, though it is an open question as to who can be fairly styled the holder. Only such attempts as can be verified are chronicled;

many feats passed down in gossip must be ignored. Routes are more varied in these climbs than in the 'points' records, some climbers owing to bad weather at the time of their attempt skirting mountains which others have ascended, or taking them at different points.

The first long walk of which cognisance can be taken was carried out in the seventies by Mr. Charles Pilkington, president of the Alpine Club, and his cousins, who started from Lodore at 11 P.M. They climbed Great Gable, but dense mist descending, the walk was abandoned for half an hour. Later the morning promised something better, so they climbed by Sprinkling Tarn to Eskhause and over Scawfell Pike and Great End. Returning from this *détour*, Mat Barnes, the guide, not relishing the heavy clouds on Hanging Knott, led down to Angle Tarn, where a steep path leads direct to Bowfell Top. The difficult return negotiated, the party made for Dunmail Raise, and struggled along a rough path over the shoulder of Seat Sandal to Fairfield, a peak across Tongue Ghyll. Mr. Pilkington then dropped for Grisedale Tarn down a series of scree, the longest in the Lake District. The mist thinning to some extent, Helvellyn was next climbed, then Saddleback and Skiddaw, Lodore being reached by 11.25, the whole tour occupying 24 hours and 25 minutes, with a very punishing finish, as the party wished to get in within the twenty-four hours. Mr. Pilkington's party was exceptionally unfortunate in having so much mist to contend with during the day, as otherwise they would have easily finished in the specified time. The total of height ascended was 13,792 feet, and the distance runs to 60 miles, with a fatigue equivalent of 80 miles level.

Next to this performance came a famous walk. On June 17, 1876, Mr. Jenkinson—who afterwards compiled a splendid guide-book to the Lakes—did a remarkable walk. He was a man of middle height, sturdily built, and a grand walker. His action on the level was easy, while his dexterity among scree and boulders was something to marvel at. Mr. Jenkinson left Keswick at 12 midnight—a lovely night with bright starlight—and soon after 3 A.M. was standing by Sty Head Tarn, with Great Gable looming over him. To the top of this (from the tarn a climb of 1,519 feet) and back again occupied little over an hour, after which he took the path for Eskhause and Scawfell Pike. Before 7.30 he was on the highest ground in England. The mist which had for awhile threatened to descend became dense, and for three hours the

famous walker wandered round Eskhouse endeavouring to reach Bowfell by way of Hanging Knott. Just before 11 A.M. he reached the caern post, after which the steep descent into Langdale Fell head prepared him for a tramp to Wythburn. After about an hour's stay at this village he climbed Helvellyn and, by way of the vale of St. John, Saddleback. From here he crossed Skiddaw Forest, but could hardly keep up for sleepiness. At a gamekeeper's house he rested awhile, and naturally resumed his walk sleepier than ever. The summit of Skiddaw Mr. Jenkinson never had more than a hazy idea of scaling—he often joked that he saw it as in a dream—but two hours later he walked into Keswick. The total climb, 25 hours in duration, was 53 miles in length; the total footage scaled 12,249 feet; and the fatigue equal to 82 miles level.

Mr. Jenkinson's walk created quite a stir, and ere long another champion arose in Leonard Pilkington, who had tramped from Liverpool to Windermere, a distance of 84 miles, in 21 hours, and also proved his quality on the fells. With Bennett, the Dungeon Ghyll guide, he passed over Bowfell, Scawfell Pike, Great Gable, Skiddaw, Saddleback, Helvellyn, and Fairfield, in 21 hours 10 minutes, between 2 A.M. and 11.10 P.M. Mr. Pilkington says of this walk: 'We were both perfectly fresh at the finish, and had we come straight through instead of having supper at Grasmere, we should have saved at least an hour—we could have easily have done 20, but having finished the mountains, and with so much in hand, we did not think of it.' This tour necessitated climbing some 12,900 feet, and walking a distance of 60 miles, approximating in fatigue to 80 miles on the level.

October is not an ideal month for a scamper across the fells; yet at this time of year Messrs. Robinson and Gibbs, the 'Lorton walkers,' essayed to surmount the whole of the giants of Cumberland in 24 hours. On the stroke of midnight, Thursday, October 27, 1893, these gentlemen started from Keswick. A strong wind blew from the north-east, and the sky was too cloudy for more than mere gleams of moonlight as they walked up Borrowdale. By 2.10 A.M. Seathwaite was reached, the wakeful sheep-dogs making music as the climbers passed towards Great Gable. The dull roar of Taylor Ghyll Fall, and the rattle of the fierce wind on the higher levels, alone disturbed the hush of night. Snow-laden clouds swirled past them as they wound up the gully between Gables, the air became bitter, a white mantle three inches

thick covered the ground, and above a dense mist blotted out completely the summit. At 3.55 the top of the Grand Old Monarch was reached, and the Sty Head Pass descended to. From the top caern a course was struck across the rough north-western face of the Scawfell range, under Skew Ghyll, over a shoulder of Ling-mell, and up to Lord's Rake, where in the closing days of 1893 Professor Milnes Marshall fell to his death. In this cleft the scene was wild in the extreme. Snow lay thick, and outside its shelter the gale boomed and moaned among the great crags above. The scene was bleak and wintry; the faces of the rock which were too abrupt for the snow to lie on were crusted with ice. From the top of the first reach of the Lord's Rake Messrs. Robinson and Gibbs struck off along the grassy ledge which gives easy access to Deep Ghyll. Here a sudden gust of wind loosened a stone high on the crags above, and they cowered under a rock as, with a crash and a bound through the air, it whizzed past into the dark recess immediately below. The snow now became thicker, having been drifted into this wild ghyll by the wind, and on the steep bits near the top it was frozen sufficiently for them to kick their toes into the almost perpendicular slope and go up it ladder fashion, holding on as best they could to ensure safety. As the pair emerged on to the plateau on the top of Scawfell at 6.10 A.M., the mists began to roll away, and the first streaks of dawn were visible in the east. Across the Mickledore, a fearful rock-split chasm, lay Scawfell Pike, to reach which involved a descent to Broad Stand and a scramble along the ice-coated ledges. Mr. Robinson says of this portion of their experience: 'We were not prepared to find the climb in a more dangerous state than it was last year in midwinter—but such it was; and the alpenstocks we had provided ourselves with were without the usual spike in the end with which to roughen the ice to make a foothold. I took off the rucksack which held our lunch, and, with an arm through one strap while my friend held on to the other, kicked off the ice from ledge to ledge.' Truly a risky mode of progression when a single slip would have had irretrievable consequences. The top of the Pikes was reached at 7.10 A.M., and 35 minutes later the couple were on Great End. On the fells on every side the gale was harrying the powdery snow; the tracks over the passes were obliterated, a landmark here and there stood above the shifting plains of white; weird, dangerous, and black the crags stood over their setting of whitened scree—a prospect which cannot

be described. By this time the climbers must have been in a comfortless state; their clothes, damped by perspiration and half-molten particles of snow, would long since be frozen to their backs—what that means only those who have experienced it can know. Bowfell, with one foot in Westmoreland and the other in Cumberland, was next in the line, and here the ground, covered with shale and masked with snow, became extremely dangerous. The top caern was found at 8.30 A.M., after which, skirting the Langdale side of Hanging Knott, Rossett Ghyll was descended to, and the tramp over miles of bog to Wythburn begun. This valley was reached by 12 A.M., and at 1.20 the ascent of mighty Helvellyn was commenced. Thirlspot at 4 P.M. was the next point in the tour. After passing through the vale of St. John, a halt was made for tea at Setmabanning, as the moon was not yet up and it had begun to rain; but at 6 P.M. the plucky climbers started for Blencathra. The night became intensely dark, the clouds denser, and the wind more and more furious. Messrs. Robinson and Gibbs chose the narrow ridge approach by Threlkeld to the mountain, as this afforded some shelter at first, but on reaching the open the violence of the storm was fearful; only in the short lulls was progress possible. Yet by 8.30 P.M. the summit was reached, and the walkers plunged across the moors for Skiddaw. After getting one-third of the way up this, their last peak, they found that, though strength was still sufficient, time was not left to finish the ascent and reach Keswick ere another day. Accordingly, at 9.50 P.M. the finest pair of climbers the Lake District has ever seen turned back on the Glendaterra, reaching Keswick at 11.25 P.M., in extremely strong condition, considering the day's exertion.

Of the closing stage of the walk, Mr. G. B. Gibbs says: 'It seems to me possible that we had quite sufficient time on leaving Threlkeld at 6 P.M.' to finish the attempt; 'but that darkness and very high wind which caused us to take $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours over the ascent of Blencathra, instead of $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours (as we did four days later), made a loss of a very valuable hour. Further, the force of the wind as we rose from Skiddaw Forest was so great as to compel us to believe that progression would be on hands and knees when we got to the top, and produced a conviction that under these conditions we could not go the whole round within the day of twenty-four hours.'

Mr. Robinson is best described as a typical Cumberland man,

endowed with a muscular system inherited from generations who revelled in outdoor life. As Dr. J. Norman Collie says: 'Robinson is the great authority on the hills of the Lake District, there is not a rock on a mountain side that he does not know. In sunshine or mist, in daytime or at midnight, he will guide one safely over passes or down precipitous mountain sides. Every tree and every stone is a landmark to him.' The figures to represent this remarkable walk are: Distance 56 miles in all, 16 on the road, and 40 on the fell; equalling in fatigue 86 miles of dead level. The total of height in feet reached was 13,840, the altitude of a considerable Alp. The time was 23 hours 25 minutes, and the pace, taking the day's average, would be $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles per hour on the level, with more than $1\frac{3}{4}$ on the fell.

From 1893 to June of this year there was no serious attempt to claim the twenty-four hours' record, but during the month stated four Carlisle men—Messrs. Westmorland, Johnson, Strong, and Ernest Beaty—made a determined effort to put it to their credit. Their design was carried out under very favourable conditions: the men were in perfect training, had had a preliminary spin, and were rested for the start. This was from Seathwaite, right at the foot of the mountains—not, as in previous records, from points more or less distant—on a clear morning which merged into a bright and cool day. The party started at 5.27 A.M., in broad daylight, and immediately made for Great Gable, which was ascended in 1 hour 18 minutes. The descent down the scree to Styel Head tarn was accomplished in 11 minutes, and a cast was made for Great End, reached in 43 minutes. This party took the Scawfell group by ascending its easier shoulder, not facing, as did Mr. Robinson, the dangerous scramble on the cliff face by way of Skew Ghyll and Lord's Rake. Scawfell Pike was climbed at 8.4 A.M., and the Mickledore crossed for Scawfell. The return by Broad Stand took 36 minutes—a different matter from Mr. Robinson's hazardous crossing—Eskhouse being re-reached at 9.31. Bowfell now loomed over Hanging Knott and Ewer Gap, and was ascended at 10.4, after which Wythburn was made for by way of Rossett Ghyll. At the Nag's Head the party divided, two making for Threlkeld, the other pair for Helvellyn and beyond. This, novel to the traditions of fell walking, must have proved a considerable advantage to the two who carried on the climb. The remaining men now ascended Helvellyn, which took 68 minutes, and walked along the descending tops to Threlkeld. Saddleback's

ascent (from Threlkeld) occupied 82 minutes, and the walk across Skiddaw Forest to Skiddaw, $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour. What a different finish was this from the October night when Messrs. Robinson and Gibbs attempted to force their way through a howling tempest! The moon now flooded the depression with peaceful light, but, once across the summit, the shadow of the hill was reached and the path could only be followed with difficulty. Messrs. Johnson and Strong were fortunate enough not to get lost before they reached the valley, but here they made a mistake which cost them half an hour. On reaching the town of Keswick the walk was given up. It had extended over 52 miles of fell country; the total of altitude was 14,146 feet (294 feet more than Mr. Robinson's record); total time taken, 19 hours 35 minutes. The average speed per hour was near two and a half miles, and in fatigue the course approached 78 miles, 8 miles less than the Lorton walkers' record. The day was an ideal one, a day of bright sunshine, yet no overpowering heat. None of the party can ever forget the exquisite beauty of the scene at early morn as Seathwaite was left for Great Gable. The hills stood out in the deliciously pure air, near to the eye, yet apparently dwarfed in height and retiring in perspective, but every crag, every cleft, every seam and line in those majestic outlines was perfectly distinct. There is a difference in these two last-named walks which is hard to define, but the one resembled the other as much as a cycle race over sticky roads resembles the same event carried out on dry ground. Messrs. Johnson and Strong have shown themselves capable disciples of the older mountaineers, and their initial effort is sufficiently marvellous to puzzle criticism. In July, however, Mr. Westmorland and Mr. Beaty made another attempt to do the distance. They started from Threlkeld at 4.46 A.M., and completed the course in $23\frac{1}{4}$ hours—a magnificent performance. The nine fells had been climbed within 24 hours at the third attempt, and these two perserving men considered themselves rewarded.

It is granted that the month of September is the most favourable for walking, as the days are generally clear and cool; therefore it not infrequently happens, as in 1898, that the season winds up with a record. At 3.30 A.M., September 1, Mr. R. W. Broadrick started on his cycle from Windermere for Dungeon Ghyll. When he arrived it was still dark, so he left his machine in a conspicuous position, hoping that the hotel people would

take charge of it. He climbed by way of Ell Ghyll to Bowfell, reaching the summit at 5.55 A.M. Day broke as he made the tour of the Scawfell group—Great End, Scawfell Pike, Scawfell. There is in Nature nothing on so grand a scale as a rosy day-break seen from some high mountain. The famous Wastdalian, Will Ritson, used to tell of what he witnessed from Scawfell Pikes. After following the hounds all night, he found himself by Mickle-dore when the light began to glow, and, never having seen sunrise from such a position, he climbed the Pikes. He always referred to the sight as the finest he ever saw. Mr. Broadrick breakfasted at Wastdale Head, and then climbed by Gavel Neese to Great Gable, reaching Keswick by 12.50. On the way to Skiddaw the climber missed the path and had to wade through knee-deep heather for about an hour. Keswick re-reached, he made for the Sticks Pass, by which route he gained Helvellyn maen by 7.40. Mr. Broadrick went hard from here, hoping to get into the Grasmere valley ere complete darkness fell. At Grisedale Tarn, however, the last gleams faded; he missed the way and after stumbling across very rough ground (the south face of Seat Sandal) he reached the top of Dunmail Raise at 8.50. The walk to Windermere, 13 miles, took 2 hours 55 minutes—a fine performance considering previous exertions. The total distance was $60\frac{1}{2}$ miles in the time of $20\frac{1}{4}$ hours. Mr. Broadrick's cycle played a very important part in the day's work, placing him while still fresh at the foot of the mountains; but deducting the 12 miles and 1 hour thus passed, the performance remains a great one— $48\frac{1}{2}$ miles for $19\frac{1}{4}$ hours. The total of height ascended is 13,450 feet, with a fatigue equivalent of 66 miles level, ignoring the 12 miles cycle.

In concluding this paper, the writer desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to the holders of the above records, who have placed much valuable information within his reach; but he must especially thank Mr. J. W. Robinson, the Lorton walker, by whose kindness all the facts and figures were verified.

WILLIAM T. PALMER.

CROSS QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS.

THE Reverend Bernard Reynolds, the Diocesan Inspector of the London Diocesan Board of Education, speaking on teaching, recently said :

‘To children the world of ancient days is the same as London of the nineteenth century. We have been told that Jacob’s vision of Bethel happened while he was asleep on a doorstep, and that he subsequently took a cab and went down to see his son in Egypt.

‘There was a picture in a South American church, recently burnt, where Abraham was preparing to shoot Isaac with a gun. The picture is in many children’s minds in London. We are always told that the soldiers in the Bible took guns with them.’

There have been many cases in which schoolmasters have written of the humour of their profession. But it seems likely that, standing a little aloof from the work, Her Majesty’s Inspector of Schools has a clearer appreciation of the jocular child than the schoolmaster himself has. There may be instanced a ragged school in a very poor London neighbourhood, into the boys’ department of which an inspector entered on a surprise visit, to find himself in the open doorway unnoticed for five minutes. A great noise was going on. Two boys, surrounded by most of the others, were having a well-ordered and scientific fight. The master, taking no heed of this, was busily chasing another boy round and round the room, holding in his hand a cane with which he wished to thrash the boy. While conducting the regular examination in this school the chief inspector once said to the assistant inspector, ‘Have you heard the singing?’ The assistant replied, ‘No; but I will hear it if you like.’ The chief said, ‘I think perhaps you had better go downstairs to hear the boys sing while I stop up here.’ The assistant went. He said to the master, ‘Do they know any school songs?’ ‘Oh, yes, sir.’ ‘Let them sing one.’ ‘Boys, stand up!’ Half of them stood, half of them remained seated. ‘Boys,’ said the master, ‘sing “Jesus loves me.”’ ‘But don’t they know any school songs?’ He looked horrified, and replied, ‘Oh, no; these are the only songs they sing.’ ‘Let them go on, then.’ No note was given. Each boy

started on his own. There were about as many keys as boys. They sang with the refinement of tone to be expected of boys whose fathers call vegetables in the streets, and who were themselves in training for the same calling. After a verse the assistant went upstairs. 'What is that horrible noise?' asked the inspector. 'That's the singing.' 'There is a familiarity about the refrain,' said the inspector, who was in Orders. 'I should think so. It's "Jesus loves me."'

In the girls' department of the same school, when most of the children had been dismissed at midday, the mistress said, 'You haven't heard their geography.' 'No.' 'I wish you had done so.' 'If you can get a few of them back I'll take them for a little while.' So she got back a few of the bigger girls, and said to them, 'Now, girls, begin.' The inspector wondered what was coming. But the girls began to chant, 'Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham, Westmoreland, Yorkshire,' and so on through the whole of the counties of England and Wales. When the list was finished she looked at the inspector with a triumphant eye, as much as to say, 'You don't often hear that!'—which he certainly did not. She said, 'I make them run through that every day. We are very proud of their geography.' 'Where's the map?' Her face fell. That was evidently a new idea to her. 'Oh, we haven't got any maps.'

But in many schools which are well taught and equipped children make mistakes which are most absurd, until thought out, when they often show a reasoning power far greater than might have been expected. For example, in the course of reading the word 'martyr' was met. 'What is a martyr?' asked the inspector. 'A water-cart.' 'A water-cart?' 'Yes, sir.' The inspector was puzzled. But he afterwards remembered that he was in the parish of St. George the Martyr. This parish does its own contracting, and the boy has seen 'St. George the Martyr' painted on the water-carts.

More simple was the reply to the same question, 'Them red things wot they sells on barrers.'

It is yet unfathomed what was the reasoning that made a boy, writing an account of the British Museum, say that 'the mummies were Pharaoh's soldiers that were drowned in the Red Sea.'

Girls mix their religion with their cookery lessons. A diocesan inspector, who asked, 'Why did Elijah pour water on the sacrifice?' was answered, 'To make the gravy, sir.' When he asked

the names of the three creeds, he was told, 'Apostles, Lyceum, and Farinaceous.'

Similarly, the early Roman Christians were said to have frequented the 'Capsicums,' and a famous Doré picture was described as 'Christ leaving the Petroleum.'

In Croydon, a board inspector was trying to elicit the name of the weapon with which Samson killed the Philistines. The children were dense. 'What is this?' he suggested, laying his hand on his cheek. They caught on in a moment, 'The jawbone of an ass, sir.'

Some ludicrous answers result from dialect. A boy in the West was reading, 'Her mate zat beside her an' zang a zweet zong.' 'Now, what is the subject of the sentence?' 'Zider, zir.'

In 'The Battle of Blenheim,' the reading lead to the line, 'The ploughshare turns them out.' 'Turns what out?' 'The skulls, zir.' 'What are skulls?' 'Bones of the 'ed without the mate on 'n, zir.'

A *propos* of the cuckoo: 'What do you know about the cuckoo?' 'Please, sir, it doesn't lay its own eggs, sir.'

In the examinations of pupil teachers, one sometimes comes across unexpected humours. Like the natural science man who went up to the 'Varsity ignorant of Greek, and said he heard the other men muttering what he called 'Tuppo, tuppis, tuppit,' but he only learned the Bohn by heart, and recognised the seen translation by the proper names, some pupil teachers try to learn Euclid by heart. To invert a figure, to change letters to numbers, would be to fog them. One said that he understood the letterpress. But the 'pictures' worried him. At the examination he proved a proposition perfectly. But he attached to it an entirely irrelevant 'picture.'

As an inspector and his assistant were making a short cut through the Clare Market neighbourhood after an examination, they passed through a court in which was playing a small boy in a shirt and trousers only. The latter were suspended by one brace going from the near leader to the off wheeler side. He saw the two coming, and raised a shout of 'Muvver.' A woman, with her clothing in the feminine equivalent to the boy's masculine, looked out of the window. Then he cried in triumph, 'That's the one that examined me. The fat one.' He who knows the inspectorate will appreciate this.

G. STANLEY ELLIS.

THE 'LADY MACQUARIE.'

A STORY OF A VERY CURIOUS CRUISE.

I.

'I SAY, boys,' exclaimed Mowbray, looking up from his newspaper, 'we ought to have a try for this new rush up there in the North-West. Listen: "One man in two days won thirty ounces of almost pure gold obtained at the bottom of a shaft twenty feet deep in moderately easy sinking. As yet there are very few diggers on the field, but as steamers are being put on from the southern colonies . . . um . . . um. Men are warned against . . . (oh, yes, of course). . . . Bids fair to be the biggest alluvial find seen in Australia for many years. King's Sound is the nearest point to make for by water to the new field, which is situated at the foot of the Leopold Ranges in the Kimberley District of Western Australia."'

'Boys,' continued Mowbray conclusively, as he put down his paper, 'we should even now be on our way to this new El Dorado. We've been long enough waiting for a show. Let's clear! I'm full to the brim of loafing around here.'

Paxton laughed ironically as he dug his bare feet into the warm sand upon which the three of us were lying after our bath. 'It's two thousand miles,' said he. 'But of course that's nothing. And the fare's at least 30*l.*—steerage. Not to mention such trifles as tucker and tools. Oh, yes, let's go right away. What's the use of putting it off and shilly-shallying about here.'

'Paxton,' retorted Mowbray, 'you're an ass. How much money have you got?'

'Three pounds and some small stuff,' replied Paxton, grinning. 'Call it three ten altogether. About enough to shout a decent dinner on.'

'And you, Iredale?' said Mowbray, turning to me.

'A fiver,' I replied, 'at the outside.'

'Well, I dare say I can muster as much as both of you put together,' said Mowbray. 'And we'll start as soon as we can fix things up'; and jumping to his feet he executed a *pas seul* along

the beach, whilst we looked on, wondering whether the sun had not been too much for him.

'But,' I remonstrated, as presently he calmed down a bit, 'Paxton's right enough, old man. It's a deuce of a distance. And fares at the start are sure to be high. You know how the Companies slap it on in a case of this kind.'

'Fare me no fares,' exclaimed Mowbray. 'And let the Companies keep their iron screw-pots. We'll sail our own ship. There she is. Slow perhaps, but sure. Likewise coffee in the morning and no fore-royal! Look at her! There lies the *Argo* that shall bear us to the Golden Fleece of—er—thingumbob.'

And as we followed the pointing finger across the water and our minds fell into line with his, we fairly yelled with laughter and rolled on the sand in ecstasies of it. Ah, me! we were young in those days and cared little how the world went, looking on it simply as a great playground in which to cut our capers, sometimes at other people's expense, more generally at our own.

Just now we were 'camping' on the shores of one of the many picturesque coves and sea-arms that scallop the great main harbour of Port Jackson. Whilst the New South Wales summer heats are at their height this camping business is a favourite one with even rich people, who, taking servants, tents, and boats, choose some favourite spot and spend a Bohemian time, almost always either on or in the water. Also there are impecunious people who, attracted by the free life and the cheapness of living, quit the city and make their home in some secluded nook. This latter was our case.

We had no servant, and only one tent; and a crazy old boat, and no money worth mentioning; our combined stock of clothes could have been carried in a sugar bag, and we were dead tired of looking for work that never came. So we had left the stuffy boarding-house and hot dusty streets to become 'campers.' And for many weeks we had led a savage sort of free-and-easy life down here at Little Blue Pointer Bay with a bag of potatoes, another of flour, half a chest of tea, and lots of sugar and tobacco as the mainstays of our commissariat. Fish we could always catch; and on one or two occasions they—in the shape of sharks—nearly caught us. Now, however, the trio, and especially Mowbray, were getting restless and dissatisfied, as was only proper. No thoroughly healthy young fellow can put up with the lotus-eating business for an indefinite time.

Blue Pointer—so called as being a favourite haunt of the shark known by that name—was really a small cove with a narrow entrance, through which a view of the main harbour was just obtainable. Steep sides, clothed thickly with straggling gums, stringybarks, and other eucalypti, ran down to a single sandy beach and big rocks on which oysters grew in thousands. On the opposite side to where our tent was pitched—some hundred yards across—was a dilapidated wharf. And moored to this was the object Mowbray had apostrophised.

Imagine a broad, ungainly old tub of a paddle-wheel ferry steamer, raw and rusty for lack of shelter from the sun; her funnel red with rust, and the Muntz metal on her bottom showing the colour of verdigris. And this was the craft that Mowbray proposed we should take the sea in. Was it any wonder we laughed?

Two or three years ago a Company had endeavoured to form a 'sanatorium' on the opposite rocks; had cleared some scrub, built a jetty, and purchased a boat to carry visitors about the harbour. But alas! the project languished for lack of funds, and at last the promoters faced the Insolvency Court, and the creditors tried to realise on their assets. But no one wanted either land or wharf or steamer. And there they lay unkempt, untended, uncared for.

We, as long as we had been there, had never been on board of her. But now, finding that Mowbray was in most determined earnest, we got our boat and sculled across and examined the *Lady Macquarie*. Still on our two parts with little or no severity of purpose.

'Ladies' Cabin. No Smoking,' was the first thing that caught our eyes as we stepped on the lower deck. This cabin was simply a portion of the deck, around and up the centre of which ran benches, whose sides were formed by windows of pretty thick glass which could be opened or shut at pleasure like those of a railway carriage. At one end were doors. The other end, the men's cabin, was exactly the same, only there were no doors. In the centre stood the steam chest, funnel, &c., and down a square open hatchway surrounded by a sort of iron fence were the engines. Above this deck was another, reached by steps on the outside of each paddle-box, furnished with seats down the middle and along the sides; also with two little windowed hutches for the helmsman, one at each end; and above all was a roof of galvanised iron, through which the smoke-stack protruded some six feet or

so. Dust and dirt were everywhere. Spiders had spun their webs in long festoons about the ladies' cabin; and as flying-foxes could not enter there by reason of the doors being closed, they had taken up their abode in the men's part, where they could fly in and out at will. And here the brutes hung in clusters from the battened ceiling, sleeping until the time came for their nightly forays amongst the gardens and orchards of the upper harbour.

'A regular jolly menagerie, by jingo!' exclaimed Paxton in disgust, as he made a kick at a big rat that came out of an open locker and leapt on to the wharf. 'And how those infernal foxes stink! A nice crowd to go to sea with—eh, Mowbray?'

But Mowbray was all over the shop, poking and prying into every corner, sticking his knife into planks and chipping iron rust off stanchions.

'Sound as a bell,' said he at last, 'so far as I can see. Dive down below, like a good fellow, Paxton, and have a look at the old girl's engines.'

'But surely you don't mean it?' asked the other with a laugh. 'And anyhow, old as she is and poverty-stricken as she looks, all our available capital wouldn't buy her.'

'Don't intend to buy her,' replied Mowbray decisively. 'We'll borrow her and pay for her out of the pile that we are going to make at Kimberley. Got enough to get coals and tucker with, haven't we? What more do you want? I'll slam her round in a fortnight, even if we can only knock six out of her. And it'll be fine and calm inside the Barrier. Safe as a house! I don't know that I'd tackle the Leeuwin in her. But t'other way'll be a picnic.'

'You're a genius,' muttered Paxton. 'All the same, you'll have us in Darlinghurst gaol if you don't mind.'

'Exactly what I was thinking,' I put in. 'I don't quite know what a ferry boat would run into. But, making all allowance, I should say nothing under five years' hard.'

'Oh, rats!' retorted Mowbray, appropriately enough. 'She's got no owner anyhow to prosecute. She's an unrealisable asset, to be divided probably amongst fifty people. And what's everybody's business is nobody's, as we all know. They'll never miss her. Why, she's been here for at least four years. However, have it your own way, boys; it shall never be said that I led you into mischief.'

And when Mowbray thus affirmed, we knew that if we didn't

go he'd go alone rather than knuckle down, even if he got no farther than the Heads. So we saw nothing for it but to humour him, for we were mates who never went back on one another. So Paxton dived into the dark and grimy hole where the engines lived, and I, under Mowbray's direction, punted along her sides in our boat and peered into the boxes to see whether the floats were all there, and prodded a knife into her at the water line to feel if she was rotten, whilst Mowbray took out his pocket-book and made notes.

'Engines are all right,' reported Paxton presently. 'High pressure and obsolete, but strong—Davidson of Glasgow. Take a couple of gallons of oil and a day's work, though, before they'll move. Main shaft's an inch thick in rust, and the cylinders want packing.'

'Well, you can fix 'em up and drive 'em, can't you?' asked Mowbray.

'Oh, yes,' replied Paxton resignedly; 'although by profession I'm only a mining engineer, I can do that much. Likewise, I'm not too old to learn the stone-breaking or oakum-picking trades.'

'Great Jerusalem!' exclaimed Mowbray, laughing gleefully. 'Were there ever such ingrates? Here am I putting you in a way to make your fortunes, and you only gibe at me. Don't you see, stupids, that we must do something? And that soon. I'm rusting, same as the *Lady* here. So are the pair of you. Now I'll bet you the best dinner in Australia—which isn't, after all, up to very much—that I pull this contract off safe and sound.'

'Wager,' exclaimed the pair of us simultaneously. 'And let us hope,' I added, 'that it won't turn out one of hominy.'

We were all three young in those days!

II.

No more secluded and quiet spot could have been found in the whole harbour than Blue Pointer. Very few people ever came there, and, because we had taken possession of the only sandy beach, campers never. Nor was there a house within miles. At most a few men gathering flannel flowers in the scrub for sale in the City, or a party of boys snake-hunting, were the sole visitors to our retreat. That was the reason we had stuck to it for so long.

And now we messed about the old *Lady Macquarie* all night without interruption. Mowbray got some two-inch planks and

set me to fix up a sort of hatch over the engine-room. An architect, he said, ought to be able to build anything. After that he brought bricks and galvanised iron with which to make a bit of a cooking place. And all the time, he himself was busy bringing in coal, that he got in bags under pretence of wanting it for a steam yacht—beef, pork, and biscuits.

He worked like a horse, and by the mere force of his irresistible personality, presently, as he always contrived to do, made us as cocksure of success as he was himself. And not only that, but he managed to gradually persuade us that, instead of committing a felony, we were actually benefiting the unknown owners of the *Lady* by cleaning their boat, taking her for a cruise, and thus stopping her from going to rack and ruin.

Of course, you will think we were a very weak-minded pair of young men. But then, you never knew Mowbray, with his handsome face, laughing eyes, and tongue that would coax flies off a tin of jam. A gentleman-adventurer, pure and simple, Frank Mowbray! And when Paxton, with his first-class certificates from the Technical College and the School of Mines, and I, with my six years' experience in old Plaistow's office, could find neither machinery nor town halls to erect, met Mowbray one day out shooting at a station we were visiting, we took such a fancy to him that we had been a great deal together ever since.

Four years ago that was; and except when we two were at work—for we did get a job now and then—or Frank was away digging, droving, 'sailorising,' or exploring in the Back Blocks, we were inseparable. Paxton had 'people' in New Zealand. But Mowbray and myself were pretty well alone in the world.

Never shall I forget the night on which, everything being ready for as mad and reckless an expedition as even Mowbray could have invented, we made a start. Of course we had routed out all the foxes and cleaned the old girl down as well as we could. But the men's cabin was stacked up with coal, and the ladies' with a most curious mixture of provisions. Being double-ended, her bow for the time was of course the way she was heading. Mowbray was at one of the wheels, Paxton in the engine-room, and I was standing by as deck hand, fireman, and general rouseabout. Steam was up, and smoke was pouring from the long-empty funnel into the midnight air.

'All ready?' shouted Mowbray down the voice tube to Paxton.

'Ay, ay,' replied the other.

'Let her go, then.' And the old thing, trembling in every fibre of her, answered the thump of her engines with a loud chuff-CHUFF, chuff-CHUFF, that made the hills echo again as she moved slowly and unwillingly into the stream.

'Merciful heavens! what's that row?' shouted Mowbray, 'Stop it, Paxton. Do you want to rouse Australasia?'

Chuff-CHUFF, chuff-CHUFF snorted the *Lady* deliberately, and with emphasis. Clickety-clack-TRUMP went the engines, whilst the paddles hit the water and smashed it into foam with a noise like big cataracts rushing over a thousand feet of rocks.

Mowbray was still yelling to stop the row; and at length Paxton came up, black as a sweep and completely helpless from laughter.

'What's the matter now,' he managed to get out at last, addressing me, startled just as much as Mowbray by the infernal din. 'They all do it, these old high-pressure tubs. I thought you knew. Why, of course, they'll hear us right down the harbour and far out at sea. Go and tell Frank I can't stop her coughing. Indeed, she's rather out of practice from being laid up so long. She'll do better yet.'

Mowbray swore when I told him. 'Old beast!' said he, 'she nearly made me jump overboard, thinking the boiler was going. No fear of a collision, if that's any comfort! All right, Pax, old man, throw her wide open and let her rip!'

But there was no 'rip' about the old *Lady*. All the steam in the world couldn't have knocked more than six out of her. And even at that her ancient frame quivered and groaned and rattled, whilst bolts and stanchions, loosened by the long drought, asserted themselves in every note of metallic clangour. Sometimes the hoarse throaty cough died away into a half-throttled asthmatic wheeze, sounding as if she were at her last gasp; then she'd pant violently, and having thus, as it were, cleared her throat and chest, she'd presently rise into the loud, deliberate, sonorous chuff-chuff by which she seemed to beat slow time to her slow progress through the water.

'Well,' exclaimed Paxton, 'if she isn't making a fine show of us I wouldn't say so! I've got sixty-five pounds on, and it strikes me that's quite enough for the boiler. It'd be almost a mercy if Mowbray would pile her up on the Sow and Pigs yonder.'

We were just passing that lightship, guarding its pinnacle of rock and reef, and so close that we could plainly see its crew of

two as they came up and stared curiously at us. Abreast of Watson's a steam collier stole silently along showing a monstrous height of bow and a stern nearly a-wash. A moon had risen and was giving a faint light. Presently the coal-man shifted his helm and ran over. 'Hi,' he hailed, 'where are you off to? This ain't the way to Parramatta or the North Shore. You'll get lost.'

'Shan't ask you to show us the road, anyhow,' replied Mowbray.

'Oh, all right,' replied the other, 'don't get your shirt out! And give her some balsam of aniseed—a pint every half-hour to begin with. So long.' And amidst much laughter she forged ahead.

Above us I could hear Mowbray muttering to himself his opinion of all coal tramps, qualified by references to our late visitor the reverse of flattering.

By this time we were lurching about in the strong swell that rolls in between the mile-wide gap of Sydney Heads; and as for the first time in her life the *Lady* gained the open ocean, she squattered and bobbed and ducked to the short seas as if begging them to deal gently with a poor old recluse dragged very unwillingly from her retreat on the calm and placid waters of the inner harbour. With us she remonstrated by panting and groaning worse than ever as she flopped along, leaving a foaming wake behind her as broad as the Thames Embankment.

For side-lights we had an odd pair that Mowbray had picked up for a song; and for a white one we had hoisted a large hurricane lamp to the jack-staff that rose from the end we'd made her bow. Indeed, it was wonderful how Mowbray had spun out the 16*l.* or 17*l.* of which our whole capital consisted. Of course we were dead broke now. Also pirates of a sort. But we had a ship under our feet, such as she was. And if, as an inscription on the upper deck told us, she was 'licensed to carry passengers only within the harbour waters of Port Jackson and its tributaries,' then perhaps, as Paxton remarked, we were entitled to a certain amount of credit for proving that she really was capable of better things.

Mowbray, who had been in coasting vessels, in many capacities, knew the accepted courses by heart as far as Somerset, which port, however, was his limit. He knew, too, the lie of the land and its marks right along, and by the help of a second-hand compass and an old chart he'd picked up in a pawn-shop, had not the remotest doubt of being able to get through without accident.

Towards morning Paxton brought the *Lady* to quarter speed,

which practically meant just holding her own, and we had a good feed of corned beef, potatoes, tea, and bread and butter. Far astern we could see the reflection of the South Head light; on our port hand, quite close, hung the bold loom of the coast to the northward of Narrabeen.

'My word,' said Mowbray, as, lighting our pipes, we made ourselves comfortable on our camp mattresses spread over the seats, 'we've come like a house a-fire. She's a clipper and no mistake! But the row the old daisy kicks up, Paxton! We must keep out to sea or we'll rouse the coast. There's a whaling station somewhere farther on, or used to be, and, by Jupiter, if they hear us they'll sharpen their harpoons and have their boats in pursuit all right!'

'How about keeping watches?' asked Paxton, after we'd laughed our fill at Mowbray's notion.

'Oh, one man four hours,' replied Mowbray, 'in fine weather. Just give me and Iredale a wrinkle or two down in the engine-room and one can steer her and feed the furnace. She'll keep it up chinkety-chunk-BANG, chinkety-chunk-BANG, till we get to Somerset, and thence across the Arafura and Timor Seas—all fine-weather water. Then into the Indian Ocean—just a corner of it to cross—and there you are at King's Sound.'

'And then?' I asked.

'Oh, why, trust in Providence, of course,' replied Mowbray. 'See how it has stuck to us so far. Well, if one of you chaps'll take the wheel, we'll start the waggon again. N by E $\frac{1}{2}$ E will be the course till we get abreast of Port Stephens, anyhow, although I "hae ma doots" about this compass of ours. She don't seem to agree with any bearings that I know. So we'll keep clear of all the corners for fear of cutting into them.'

III.

Soon after daylight we were met by a man-o'-war painted white and rigged as a barque—one of the old, obsolete Australian Squadron. But very pretty to look at for all that. She was making for the Heads under easy steam, and crowds of men were doing something about her decks to the lively music of drums and fifes. We passed close to her; but she took no notice whatever of us as we went chuffing along, doubtless a most dirty, disreputable object.

After breakfast, Mowbray and Paxton fast asleep, and myself in the little box on the upper deck steering, I noticed a full-rigged ship coming straight for us. All at once she let go her upper t'gallant and topsail yards and began to clew up her courses and haul down her staysails, whilst at her peak fluttered a flag of some sort. However, considering it was no business of mine, I kept on our course, thus presently bringing her close abeam.

A short, stout man, brown-faced and grey-whiskered, was standing aft, and seeing that I meant passing, he roared out, 'Hi! hi, tug ahoy, where the devil are you going to? Back her ahead and stand by for our line!' Seeing that he was labouring under a mistake, I came out of my box and waved my hand to him as we slowly chuffed away.

But he beckoned and stamped and got so excited that I ran down and slowed the engines and woke Mowbray, thinking that perhaps something was wrong. 'Now then,' roared the man, hanging over the stern of his ship, 'aren't you going to hook on? D'ye think I want to ballyrag about the coast for a week in these light winds?'

'Can't you see that we are not a tug, stupid?' replied Mowbray, who had ascended to the upper deck. 'Some people can't tell the difference between a P. & O. boat and a canvas dinghy.'

'What the blazes are you, then? And what are you doing messing about here and answering my signals, if you aren't a tug?' stormed the other.

'We're—er—a first-class excursion steamer,' replied Mowbray gravely; 'and we're going round to Newcastle on special service to bring the Governor home. And we're bound to time. So long!'

At this a snigger of laughter rose from the fore part of the ship, where the crew had congregated, whilst their captain, evidently for the first time—so eager had he been to get a towline fast—took a comprehensive stare at our poverty-stricken, woe-begone appearance, and with a gesture of disgust roared some orders to his men.

'Full speed ahead!' shouted Mowbray down the tube as well as he could for laughing. And as the ship's yards began to rise off their caps, and sheets and tacks to be hauled aft again, we splashed solemnly off, hiding ourselves in a cloud of noisome black smoke, through which we dimly heard a volley of deep-sea blessings.

'If we go on as we're doing,' remarked Mowbray, 'we'll make a sensation and excite public curiosity. Good job there's some extraordinary and ancient arks on this coast. Nothing, though, reckon them all round, fit to hold a candle to us. However, let's lie as low as we can, or we may yet again have to submit to the indignity of being taken for a tug.'

Fine weather prevailing, we flopped along, sometimes pretty close in, but mostly quite away from the steam track, content to see the blue loom of the land, and put in now and again to pick up a mark—a mountain, a promontory, a group of islands, a light-house. By day, inside of us, we could sight the trailing smoke of the intercolonial steamers; o' nights their lights came and went. And we began to get quite fond of the old *Lady*, and forebore to abuse her, or to feel ashamed of her rusty iron and blistered woodwork, ungainly shape, and grotesque puffings and pantings. Nor did she give us any trouble. She steered like a boat in smooth water; start the engines, and she'd potter away with the wheel amidships and keep her course within a point or two each side, even if there was no one to watch her for awhile. For a change, at times, we used to slew her round and try her with the other end foremost. But she never minded a bit. Deliberation—stubbornness, Mowbray called it—was her chief characteristic. And nothing we could do would put her out of her stride. One day Paxton worked her up to ninety pounds of steam, but though she trembled and lamented, and at last fairly roared in protest, she never moved a foot the faster. Hitherto we had no chances of judging cur craft's qualities as a sea boat. Right from the start—and now Moreton Island, which meant Brisbane, lay just in sight on the port bow—both sea and wind had been scarcely stronger than under the sheltering hills of Blue Pointer.

On the evening, however, that we passed Sandy Cape it came on to blow from the eastward with every appearance of a dirty night. Of course we could have run into the bay and sought shelter, as we saw many other vessels doing—steamers, ketches, and schooners. But there was one fatal objection. We had no anchors. Nor apparently had the *Lady* ever carried any, as there was no provision on board in the shape of a windlass or capstan for ground tackle. Paxton suggested tying her up to a tree somewhere inside. But Mowbray said there were no trees anywhere near the water. Only mangroves, which were bad things

to moor to. Actually, therefore, the best thing we could do would be to keep at sea.

In another hour or so we had no option, for the gale hit us and blew us before it like a cork, faster than our engines could ever have sent us. You see, the top-hamper of upper and sun deck caught the wind in great style, and we went sailing away into the Pacific Ocean at a full eight. But presently the sun-deck, which was only of galvanised iron, left in a fierce squall that, broad as she was, put the *Lady's* rail three feet under water. Also a heavy following sea began to rise, travelling as fast and faster than we did. And matters began to look uncomfortable, not to say serious.

Once we changed ends and tried steaming slowly head to wind, not wishing to make South America. But a few minutes of that was quite enough, and we turned tail again. Luckily, no matter how much water came on board there was nothing to keep it there. The great open gangways, made for landing-stages, and the iron railings all around her deck allowed free egress. The only dry spot was the ladies' cabin with the sliding doors and the thick glass windows, themselves protected by canvas blinds.

In the men's cabin our remaining precious coal was all washing to and fro in the darkness. Nor could we save it, for as the sea got higher the old girl commenced to wallow and tumble and roll in a fashion that made it as much as a man's life was worth to do anything but hold on grimly up above. Sometimes one paddle-wheel would be racing almost out of the water, then the other would lift, then she'd give a yaw, and a comber catching her a resounding slap she'd nearly stop as if to consider the matter, and then, with a stifled indignant sort of choking grunt, she'd chunk away again. Mowbray was at the wheel, and doing his best to keep her before the sea. But good steering was a thing of the past. Her rudders had never been intended, any more than herself, for such weather, and it was as much as she'd do to answer either of them, although we tried them both.

Paxton, of course, had left his grimy hole, or he'd have been drowned with the hatch off, whilst with it on he'd have been smothered. But at intervals the pair of us would, at the risk of our lives, grope our way below, at times up to our waists in foaming water, and, opening the little scuttle that led to the bunkers and furnace, one, watching his chance, would slip down and stoke.

Speaking for myself, I must say that, as I hung on to one of the stanchions, watching the great seas rolling up astern and flinging themselves in roaring fury over the boat, I never expected to see the light of another day. And each time we sank, smothered in spray that flew clear over us down into one of the big creaming gullies, I held my breath and strained my eyes through the hurly-burly to watch whether or not we began to wearily climb the opposite hill. In very derision the waves seemed to roar 'Go faster! go faster!' as they hit the *Lady* with great shocks and crashes that I believed must soon inevitably sweep the whole superstructure away.

In the little round house, close to which Paxton and I stood, we could see Mowbray's pale face under the wildly swinging lamp as he ground at the wheel and tried to steady her somewhat whilst the gale shrieked past us tearing the smoke from the funnel and hurling it in black patches to leeward. Once, as she got clear away from her helm and we rolled heavily between two tall combers that met each other and broke just beneath our feet, covering the boat in a mass of foam, showing pale through the gloom, I heard Paxton shout in my ear, 'So long, old man! She's going!' But the next minute the *Lady* rose in a blind groping kind of way, as a drowning man rises and fights for breath, and, shaking herself, panted stertorously ahead with the old clickety—clack—THUMP.

'A tight squeak—that one!' yelled Mowbray. 'But we'll get through all right. You couldn't kill her with dynamite!'

And indeed the man who built her had made faithful work, for many a big ship would have found it hard to take the punishment meted out to the despised old ferry-boat that night.

Towards morning the blow seemed to abate somewhat of its fierce vindictiveness, and by sunrise the worst of it was evidently over. All the same, we were still forced to run before, or, rather, with the sea. Nor had we more than a vague notion of our position. Steering a course had been quite out of the question during the night. As Mowbray said, he'd had enough to do trying to keep the wind at the back of his head without bothering about the compass. That we were well out in the Pacific seemed a certainty. Also, that unless we could procure coal from somebody we were likely to stay there. To add to our plight, we presently found that, although the ladies' cabin had withstood the heavy blows of following seas, some of the windows, breaking, had

let the water in and considerably damaged our stock of provisions. Decidedly it behoved us to keep a bright look-out for assistance in some shape or form before we began, as Paxton said, 'to do a perish!'

That evening, however, the weather moderated, and we cleaned and dried our compass, which was badly damaged by salt water getting through the front of the binnacle, whence the glass had long disappeared. Nor, as I have remarked, had we much faith in the instrument itself, for which Mowbray had paid five shillings at an old marine store. However, we headed the *Lady* due west in the hope of finding at least some part of the continent between Thursday Island and Cape Howe. We had sustained, all things considered, wonderfully trifling damage. Actually our sun-deck, some seats, and three floats off the star-board paddle, together with a few panes of glass, made up the sum total. But I think we were all pretty sick of the experience, to say nothing of having to go on less than half rations, and losing every scrap of coal except the little that remained in the bunker.

IV.

THE next morning at sunrise Mowbray sighted an object that puzzled us; for though it was undoubtedly a ship, she looked to be ashore in mid ocean. At first we could only make out her three royals leaning towards us at a sharp angle, exactly as if a sudden squall had caught her before there was time to let fly the halliards. But gradually we rose all her other canvas, and through a pair of old binoculars belonging to Paxton we saw that she was lying over with a heavy list, and that she was quite motionless, although a smart breeze was blowing, and the sky gave promise of more to come, from the east'ard this time. Nearer still, and we could distinguish that she had four boats out astern.

'On a reef, by Jingo!' exclaimed Mowbray; 'must be a part of the Great Barrier. Look, there's a patch of broken water beyond her again. And she's got a flag at half-mast! Red, white, blue! French, by Jupiter! Fire up Pax., old man, and don't spare the coal now! I've got a notion there's money in this. Oh, the luck of it!—the luck of it!'

Our leader's excitement was contagious; and as we chuffed and snorted towards the ship we were all agog with expectation, for

as might be easily seen, neither by aid of canvas nor of boats could the vessel be got to move an inch.

'Now,' said Mowbray, 'if the old *Lady* can pull John Crapaud out of that mess we're made merchants. Can she pull, Pax?'

'Better than she can steam,' replied the engineer with a grin. 'She's about thirty-five horse-power, I should say, and I'll make her do all I know or shift something. Can you speak French, Mowbray?'

'Not a syllable,' replied the other. 'Can't you or Iredale? No? Well, never mind. Trust me with the contract, and I'll do my best to put it through. Spare me enough steam to let her know we mean biz,' and he jerked the syren string, causing the *Lady* to utter a long, wild shriek, that rang out across the sea like the despairing wail of some mammoth curlew.

As we ranged alongside a smart-looking, white-painted iron ship of about eight or nine hundred tons, a crowd of faces peered at us over the lee rail, and we were greeted by a perfect babel of voices. Her yards were trimmed against the wind and every sail was flat aback; but her nose was stuck hard and fast, although she was evidently afloat aft.

'Ship ahoy!' hailed Mowbray. 'You've got into a nice fix there? What'll you give us to pull you off?'

'Yaze, yaze,' shouted a man, vehemently throwing up his arms and staring at us with a face of wonder, as well he might. 'Pull off, pull off,' and he signed to some of the raving lunatics, six of whom immediately scuttled around, and by their united endeavours threw us a small heaving line.

'For heaven's sake!' yelled Mowbray, 'keep those men quiet, can't you? I can't hear myself speak. Look here, we'll drag you out of that for five hundred pounds.'

But if the din had been great before, it was now simply outrageous. Everyone on board seemed to be shouting at once, protesting, dancing, and making all sorts of extraordinary gestures in their excitement. 'They understand all right,' said Mowbray grimly. 'And by heavens they'd better look sharp. See, she's beginning to bump pretty heavily to this easterly swell. There'll be plates to mend presently.'

The man who had first replied to our hail was at the gangway—a dark-whiskered, scrubby-haired, bullet-headed customer—and he wrung his hands and screamed, '*Sacré nom! Oh-h-h! Voleur! Cochon anglais!*'

'What's that?' asked Mowbray, pricking up his ears. '*Cochon*'s pig, ain't it? All right, Mounseer! Stern easy, Pax, and we'll gammon to clear.'

But as the paddles revolved the fellow roared: 'Vate! Von leedle vile!' and rushed away, returning in a few minutes with a tall, very thin man, whose feeble steps and pallid features spoke of recent severe illness. There was silence as he came to the side and said to Mowbray in very good English, 'I am part owner of this unfortunate vessel, sir. In addition to being sick with fever, I was up all last night and had fallen so fast asleep that I did not hear of your approach. My captain here (pointing to the dark man) tells me that you ask five hundred pounds for pulling us off the reef. He thinks, too, that is a prodigious sum—far too much in fact.'

'Your captain makes a mistake, sir,' replied Mowbray, politely lifting his cap. 'Seven hundred pounds is the sum. It was five originally. But he called me an English pig just now. Presently I shall go away altogether, and you will lose your ship. By the look of things she will break up to-night.'

The man stared up at the sky and around for awhile, and spoke a few angry words to the skipper. Then said he: 'I suppose you know ships don't usually carry any quantity of cash. How am I to pay you, even if you do succeed.'

'Where are you from and bound to?' asked Mowbray.

'Saigon to Melbourne,' replied the other, 'with tea and part of original cargo from Marseilles.'

'And your agents?' asked Mowbray.

'Meteyer & Sons,' replied the other, 'Melbourne and Noumea.'

'That'll do admirably,' said Mowbray; 'I know the firm well, and the head of it personally. Now look here! You give me your order, payable at sight and duly witnessed, on Meteyer & Sons for seven hundred pounds and I'll save your ship and cargo—worth at the least, I should say, ten thousand pounds. Why, you're getting off cheaply. The Admiralty Court would award us a couple of thousand. But we don't want to go to law over the business. We've come a long way from home on the chance of a job, and had a pretty rough time of it, as you can see. And we're in a hurry to get back again. Now is it a bargain, or shall we leave you to yourselves?'

'It's a bargain,' replied the other. 'Pull us off, and you shall have your order.' Then, seeing perhaps some doubt in Mowbray's

face, he added, 'On the honour of a Frenchman!' and bowed quite grandly. Whereupon Frank did the same, and sang out like thunder for a hawser.

'What water have you got for'ard?' he asked the captain. But the other only shook his head.

'Good lord!' exclaimed Mowbray. 'And he calls himself a sailor! Made him pay for his pig, though—eh, lads? Teach him manners next time. But, Paxton, make the old cow scratch gravel!' he whispered hoarsely. 'I can see he don't think we can do it. Let's show him his mistake. Take the axe and break up the seats, Iredale; they're varnished, and'll burn like kerosene. We'll have that money or rip the soul-bolts of the *Lady*.'

Very fortunately for us, there were two pairs of big iron bollards on each side amidships, that had been used in making her fast to wharves and landing-places. And from each pair we now led a steel hawser running from the *Ville de Nantes*' quarters. And fastening them with a half-hitch and the ends seized back, Paxton sent his engines slowly ahead till the wire ropes grew rigid as fiddle-strings.

'Oh ye gods and little fishes!' exclaimed Mowbray as the tethered *Lady* strained and panted and snorted and lashed the water into swirling mounds of froth, and I chopped up seats and handed them down to Paxton. 'Send her boys! She's not at her top yet surely? Seven—hun—dred pounds! That'll be 233*l*. each and a pound over for the skipper!'

The engines rattled and clashed in a mad fashion we'd never heard before, whilst the boat trembled and groaned in every plank of her. Evidently something had to go or come presently.

'There!' said Paxton, coming up wiping his wet black face. 'She's got more steam on than the blooming gauge will register, anyhow. Better get out of the way, because, in the nature of things, that boiler can't stand much more. The last coal's in too. By heavens, look at that wire! It was never "made in Germany." Bet your life on that!' And, indeed, under the tremendous strain, the big steel rope was slowly being stretched till the 'lay' of it was straightening, and the strands beginning to stick up broken ends like bristles on a worn-out brush. 'Heavenly sailor!' groaned Mowbray suddenly. 'It's all up with us! Look at those cursed bollards drawing. And there's nothing else that could begin to hold her!'

And, as we watched with blank faces we saw that all four of

them were slowly but surely bending over and ripping the deck planking as they bent and drew by inches at a time.

At that moment a shrill cheer came from the ship, repeated again and again, like the crowing of a farmyard full of roosters, and with a sudden rush the *Ville* came at us full pelt, and would have destroyed us there and then, only that, released from the terrible strain, the *Lady* tore wildly ahead, actually for a few minutes whirling the big vessel after her like a straw. Then the port hawser parted, and, watching my chance, I knocked the other off the now nearly horizontal bollard, whilst Paxton, rushing below, blew off steam with a noise like the roaring of hungry tigers.

'God bless you, old girl!' exclaimed Mowbray as soon as he could make his voice heard, patting her salt-encrusted side affectionately, 'I knew it would take something better than a Frenchman to stop you, once you got properly on your tail.'

But the Frenchmen had completely changed their attitude. Nothing now was too good for us. Provisions, coal, water—anything we wished for we were welcome to. Champagne was opened in the saloon for Mowbray, and bottled beer and whisky was handed over to us. And yet, would you believe it, they never, until Mowbray inquired, thought of sounding their pumps to ascertain whether, after nearly twenty-four hours of sticking on a reef, she was making water or not! Fortunately she turned out to be as tight as a drum.

Before we left her we corrected our compass by swinging the *Lady* and comparing it with one borrowed from the *Ville*. We tried three times, and the difference between us was always three points. Therefore we resolved to take that as a permanent variation, and thankfully remembered we had given the coast a wide berth. We discovered, too, that we were over a hundred miles W. by S. or S.W. by our compass from that same coast, and that the nearest land was still Sandy Cape. Armed with this fact we left, quite assured; more especially as we had resolved to return to Sydney and thence journey to the diggings in the legitimate manner we could now well afford. Besides, as men of substance, the rape of the *Lady Macquarie* began to hang uncomfortably on our consciences. And presently, as the *Ville* bore up on a due S. course, we chunked off, to the sound of much crowing and the waving of many caps, at nearly an acute angle for that land out of sight of which we felt by no means com-

fortable. We made Cape Byron in safety ; and, thence, a fortnight saw the *Lady* at her old moorings again in Blue Pointer ; and as no one had jumped our camp we set up our tent once more on the little beach. Nor do I believe that anybody ever missed the *Lady* during the eventful month in which she took the outer ocean. Or, if they missed her, there were no complaints.

Truth to tell, each of us three had our doubts about that order of the French owner's—doubts, however, that we hid securely in our own breasts. And I think that one of our greatest surprises was when Mowbray returned from Melbourne (whither he worked his way as third assistant second-class steward of the *Burrumbett*) with a banking account and a pocket-book full of money. There had been no trouble at all, Meteyer & Sons paying promptly when they read the Frenchman's letter accompanying his order.

And we stood him that dinner that we had never dreamed of being called on to pay for.

Also, in deference to some scruples about the borrowing of the *Lady*, we made careful inquiries as to her owners. But finding that at least one hundred and fifty people claimed an interest in her, we decided not to disturb them. Nor did we go to Kimberley, out of which the bottom fell shortly afterwards. Nor has anyone molested the old paddle-wheeler since. She still lies mouldering in the quiet haven between the steep hills, thickly wooded, that keep all rude winds and waters from her. And at intervals I run down from the busy city and sit on her sides and fish for bream and mullet, and think of the high old times we had on that hare-brained cruise of ours that ended in so much better fashion than we deserved.

JOHN ARTHUR BARRY.

CONFERENCES ON BOOKS AND MEN.

ALMANACS, OLD AND NEW—THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER—PASTORAL
POETRY—THE RITUAL CRISIS—STELLAR INFLUENCE.

THERE have always been scholars in England who have had the boldness to say that when a new book came out they read an old one, just as there have always been connoisseurs in painting who have spent their wealth in buying up the works of deceased masters, leaving their own prophets and men of genius to grow old in beggary; but I seem to myself to have bettered these instructions by eschewing even the daily news-sheet, and learning what I care to know about current events from their original prophecies in old almanacs and forgotten poets. In this way one reaches the heart of a matter without having to peer through the obscuring veil of multitudinous circumstance, and so one attains to anticipate the final judgment of late posterity. The reading of old almanacs is not so uncommon as the vanity of writers in the ephemeral press might wish us to believe. In my part of England, not the shepherd only, but other grave men of affairs keep their calendar in a retired nook of their chimney corner, near the *aqua vita* bottle, and you may tell these from the more modern school who study the weather-charts (which take, as they say, so much credit for only a single day's forecast) by the quiet contentment with which they face, not only every change of weather, but also every shift of the political heaven, as men who have already had a secret hint of what strikes the world into such surprise. And I have noticed of late years that the vendors of what, by a meiosis, are called *second-hand* books keep a separate shelf for old almanacs, which they will persuade the modern sciolist and scorner are sold for their old red morocco bindings. Some of the booksellers possibly are of this opinion themselves; but they underrate the utilitarian instinct of the Briton, even the British collector. 'I have remarked,' said a bookseller to me one day last year, 'that an almanac for 1798 will sell better than any other. Do you think, sir, that has anything to do with the French Revolution?'¹ 'No,' I said, 'I

¹ I conjecture that my friend was thinking of 1789.

suspect, rather, with the Secular Revolution.' But I do not think he understood me, for his mind was running on Price and Tom Paine, and, as I value a reputation for sanity, I did not enlighten him further.

I was much interested to read in 'Literature' for February 4 an account, signed by a lady with two names, of 'The British Merlin' for 1773. The ostensible purpose of the article was jocular, and much sport was made of the old prescriptions for physic and blood-letting, and of a certain 'necessary woman' who figured freely among the servants attached to the old court and government offices. But, reading between the lines, I became convinced that here was a philomath trying to attract the literary person, by the pleasant path of humour, away from the pursuit of a science falsely so called to the old and sure study of stellar influences. What led me to this opinion was not only the genuine affection for the old almanac that shone out through the disguise of ridicule, but the sufficiently startling fact that the writer had no acquaintance whatever with modern almanacs, not even with that issued, year after year, in constantly growing bulk, by the late Mr. Whitaker. Thus I read, with what would otherwise have been amazement: 'Who thinks to tell us now that the 11th January is Plow Monday, or that the 30th is the anniversary of the martyrdom of King Charles? . . . It isn't very useful perhaps, but I should like to have Maundy Thursday set down in my Kalendar for '99, Candlemas, Old Midsummer Day, Ember Week, Lammas; and to be reminded on the 2nd of September in a pleasant conversational style "London burnt, 1666" or "Thomas à Becket murdered."' As to the utility of keeping Maundy Thursday or Ember Week, it would ill become any but a member of the House of Laymen to wrangle in public, especially with a lady; and my own practice is neither here nor there; but I can assure her, if this should meet her eye, that all but two of these events are faithfully chronicled in the current issue of Whitaker; and for the absence of these two there is adequate excuse. For Old Midsummer Day was even better known as St. John's Day, which I find noted, and Archbishop Becket, though technically entitled to precedence, had no choice, of recent years, but to make way for the popular premier Mr. Gladstone. Whitaker, I doubt not, is himself a hierophant in meteorological mysteries. His almanac is well symbolised by its binding, which is a modern and ugly green for the most part, but

backed with the old crimson leather. It is no less twi-coloured in its contents. While for the self-styled business man there is a laborious register of High Water; Bank Holidays; Quarter Days, English and Scotch; Rainfall; Race Meetings; and Partridge and Pheasant Shooting; with dates of the death of 'necessary' people already deceased, like Wat Tyler and Columbus, and the birth of many still with us, like Lord Grimthorpe, the Poet Laureate, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and the editor of 'Punch;' for another class of readers there are such entries as 'The Gregorian Calendar came into use,' 'Grotto Day,' 'Whip-dog Day,' 'Hallowmas Eve,' 'Childermas,' 'All Fools' Day,' together with very copious tables of all important celestial phenomena.

There is an almanac which no gentleman's library is without, but which few gentlemen take from its shelf from year's end to year's end. A facsimile reprint of it, with all the quaint woodcuts, produced nine years ago by an enthusiastic German, Dr. Sommer, who, if his name does not belie him, is, I suspect, one of the elect Meteorites¹ (pronounced with the o long, to distinguish them from shooting stars), long lay about the bookstalls. The book I mean is called 'The Shepheardes Calender;' it bears no author's name, but is generally attributed to Edmund Spenser, and is always bound up with his acknowledged works. To me the book has long been a most fascinating companion; and with anyone who will bring a purged eye to its perusal, I would gladly share my delight, and the reasons for it. Once a month at least I turn to its pages, and read the prescribed portion, and it never fails to clear my vision of passing events. The woodcuts, which I have above in conventional phrase called 'quaint,' have a curious subtlety distinguishing them from all illustrations in modern books; without in any way re-shaping their lines (for I do not contend for miracles), they have the power of suggesting the persons about whom the accompanying verses have for the time being a significance. I feel confident that anyone of reasonably open mind, if he could at this moment be looking over my shoulder at the picture for March, would be startled at the vigour with which certain prominent Liberal politicians are indicated. The main topic of the March Eclogue is the restoration of love between Willye and little Thomalin. It is much too long to

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quote, but one verse will show how well it anticipates the redintegration of love that the vernal equinox is understood to have roused between the two ex-leaders of the great Liberal party.

WILLYE.

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne stud
How bragly it begins to bud,
And utter his tender head ?
Flora now calleth forth each flower,
And bids make ready Maia's bower
That new is upryst from bed.
Then shall we sporten in delight
And learn with Lettice to wax light,
That scornfully looks askaunce.
Then will we little Love awake
That now sleepeth in Lethe lake
And pray him leaden our dance.

And so they alternate in song, praising Love, and end with the wise resolve :

Let be, as may be, that is past :
That is to come, let us fore-cast.

I confess that when I first recognised the immediate significance of these Eclogues, I was puzzled by the name *Lettice* ; and the note upon the name was ostentatiously unhelpful. But my eye fell on the note following, upon the word *askaunce*, which is a familiar word enough, needing no explanation. The note was : '*Ascaunce*, askew or *asquint*.' A child, after that, could not miss the interpretation.

Having thus found my key, I returned to the January Eclogue, and was astonished at my previous ineptitude. 'Here,' I said to myself, 'is the whole inner theory from Sir William Harcourt's point of view of his resignation ; and considering that he resigned in December, it was little less than judicial blindness not to understand a prophecy of it in January. I must only quote a few verses :

A Shepherd's boy (no better do him call)
When Winter's wastful spite was almost spent,
All in a Sunshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had been long ypent :
So faint they wox, and feeble in the fold,
That now unnethes¹ their feet could them uphold.

All as the sheep, such was the Shepherd's look,
For pale and wan he was, (alas, the while)

¹ Hardly.

May seem he lov'd, or else some care he took;
 Well could he tune his pipe, and frame his style:
 Then to a hill his fainting flock he led,
 And thus him plained, the while his sheep there fed.

Thou feeble flock, whose fleece is rough and rent,
 Whose knees are weak through fast and evil fare,
 Mayst witness well, by thy ill government
 Thy master's mind is overcome with care:

Thou weak, I wan; thou lean, I quite forlorn:
 With mourning pine I; you with pining mourn.

'It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plain
 Albe my love he seek with daily suit;
 His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdain,
 His kids, his cracknels, and his early fruit.

Ah, foolish Hobbinol, thy gifts be vain:
 Colin them gives to Rosalind again.

'I love thilke lass (alas! why do I love?)
 And am forlorn (alas! why am I lorn?)
 She deigns not my good-will, but doth reprove,
 And of my rural music holdeth scorn.
 Shepherd's device she hateth as the snake
 And laughs the songs that Colin Clout doth make.

'Wherefore my pipe, albe rude Pan thou please,
 Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would;—
 And thou, unlucky Muse, that wontst to ease
 My musing mind, yet canst not when thou should;
 Both pipe and Muse shall sore the while aby!e!
 So broke his oaten pipe, and down did lie.

This year's interpretation of this passage is not far to seek. Whoever is meant by Hobbinol, and the reference to 'kids' at once suggests the country of Cadwalader, the fair but disdainful Rosalind can point to nothing but the Church of England.¹

The February Eclogue gives the exoteric reason for Sir William's retirement in the shape of an apologue:

There grewe an aged Tree on the green,
 A goodly Oak, some time had it been,
 With arms full strong and largely displayed,
 But of their leaves they were disarray'd:
 The body big, and mightily pight,
 Thoroughly rooted, and of wonderous hight:
 Whilome had been the King of the field,
 And mochel mast to the husband did yield,
 And with his nuts larded many swine.
 But now the grey mosse marred his rine.
 His honor decayed, his branches sere.
 Hard by his side grew a bragging brere

¹ Cf. the April Eclogue, where she is called 'The Widow's daughter of the Glen.' The widow is plainly the Church of Rome, and by the Glen is symbolised the disruption at the Reformation.

Which proudly thrust into th' element,
 And seemed to threat the Firmament.
 It was embellisht with blossoms fair
 And thereto aye wonned to repair
 The shepherd's daughters, to gather flowers,
 To paint their girlands with his colours.
 And in his small bushes used to shroud
 The sweet Nightingale singing so loud:
 Which made this brere to wax so bold
 That on a time he cast him to scold,
 And sneb the good Oak, for he was old.

Why stand'st there (quoth he) thou brutish block?
 Nor for fruit, nor for shadow serves thy stock:
 See'st how fresh my flowers be spread,
 Dyed in Lily white, and Crimson red,
 With leaves engrained in lusty green,
 Colours meet to clothe a maiden Queen.
 Thy waste bigness but cumpers the ground,
 And dirks the beauty of my blossoms round,
 The mouldy moss which thee accloiet
 My Cinnamon smell too much annoyeth,
 Wherefore soon, I rede thee, hence remove,
 Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove.

So when the husbandman next came that way, as

Of custom for to survive his ground
 And his trees of state in compass round,

the Brere makes his complaint:

Ah my sovereign, Lord of creatures all,
 Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
 Was not I planted of thine own hand
 To be the *Primrose* of all thy land,
 With flow'ring blossoms to furnish the prime,
 And scarlet berries in summer time?
 How falls it then that this faded Oak,
 Whose body is sere, whose branches broke,
 Whose naked Arms stretch unto the fire,
 Unto such tyranny doth aspire:
 Hindering with his shade my lovely light
 And robbing me of the sweet sun's sight?
 So beat his old boughs my tender side,
 That oft the blood springeth from wounds wide:
 Untimely my flowers forced to fall
 That be the honour of your coronal.

The too hasty rage of the husbandman, the undeserved fall of the noble Oak, and the short triumph of the Brere are all told in the poem, where they may be read at large. I will only quote here one reason which the poet himself doubtfully alleges for the Oak's

ill fate—the taint of priestcraft that attended his planting and early years :

For it had been an ancient tree,
Sacred with many a mystery,
And often crost with the priestës crewe¹
And often hallowed with holy water dew ;
But sike fancies weren foolery,
And broughten this Oak to this misery.

I need not pursue the topic through the rest of the Eclogues ; the book, as I said, is in every library, and, guided by these few hints, the reader can make his own discoveries. I was pointing out lately a few of these remarkable predictions to a friend, when he stopped me abruptly with the question whether I really meant to say that the ‘*Shepherd’s Calendar*’ contained prophecies of all that was now happening, and in particular whether it had anything to say upon, what he was pleased to call, the ‘*crisis*’ in the Church ? To which question I replied something as follows : ‘*My dear friend, no one book of prophecy could possibly foretell all events. It would naturally be the great events only that would require or repay foretelling ; and prophets have always had special subjects that appealed to them with peculiar interest. Moreover, all poets have more or less of the gift of prophecy : hence the great importance of teaching their works to the young ; for no one can tell when any particular passage will leap into importance. I need not remind you of the “Sortes Virgilianæ,” and the terrible exactness with which those lines in the Fourth Æneid,*

At bello audacis populi vexatus et armis, &c.²

¹ Holy water pot.

² ‘*The King being at Oxford during the Civil Wars went one day to see the public library, where he was showed among other things a Virgil nobly printed and exquisitely bound. The Lord Falkland, to divert the King, would have his majesty make a trial of his fortune by the Sortes Virgilianæ, which everybody knows was an usual kind of augury some ages past. Whereupon the King opening the book, the period which happened to come up, was that part of Dido’s imprecation against Æneas, which Mr. Dryden translates thus :*

*‘ Yet let a race untam’d and haughty foes
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose,
Oppress’d with numbers in th’ unequal field,
His men discourag’d and himself expell’d,
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects and his son’s embrace,
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain :
And when at length the cruel war shall cease,*

fulfilled themselves in the captivity and execution of Charles I. But, perhaps, it may not have occurred to you that sortilege is no exclusive attribute of Virgil or of Latin. My children were pricking in "Tennyson" just after the battle of the Atbara, when the Sirdar was advancing on Omdurman, and this is what they lighted on :

Here is a kitchen-knave from Arthur's hall
Hath overthrown thy brother and hath his arms.

'You will recall the passage in "Gareth and Lynette," with its sequel. And I myself, opening at random a favourite Elizabethan poet, came upon the following verses to the Nile, which cheered and prepared me for the glorious news that the next morning's paper brought to all England :

Draw back thy waters' flow
To thy concealed head ;
Rocks strangle up thy waves,
Stop cataracts thy fall,
And turn thy courses so
That sandy deserts dead
(The world of dust that craves
To swallow thee up all)
May drink so much, as shall
Revive from vasty graves
A living green, which spread
Far flourishing may grow
On that wide face of death,
Where nothing now draws breath.'

'But,' I continued, 'you asked me specially about the Church controversy. For that you would, of course, go to the Pastoral Poetry before all other ; since, as I need not remind you, it was, as its name denotes, written entirely with the clergy in view. The most familiar instance is, I suppose, Milton's pastoral elegy of Lycidas, which was a virulent attack upon the clergy of his day. And that leads me to say, in parenthesis, how supremely important it is that poets should be trained in good Church principles, for their prophetic faculty is unhappily not impaired by dissent, even if dissent be pushed to Antinomianism. You will recall Milton's lines :

But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

On hard conditions may he buy his peace;
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
And lie unburied in the common sand.' *Dr. Welwood's Memoirs.*

¹ This passage, adopting a less figurative interpretation, is an evident prediction of the new dam at Assuan.

When the poem appeared in 1637, they puzzled the critics inordinately; but their fatal meaning was cleared up eight years later by the beheading of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Commentators to whom prophecy is a sealed book still accumulate all sorts of possible meanings for this couplet, some taking the engine to be the sword of St. Michael, others the English Parliament with its two Houses, &c. &c., not seeing that no single one of such interpretations exhausts the prophecy and excludes the rest, and that all may in their time come to reality. I will not discuss with you now the bearing of the Parliamentary interpretation of this passage on the question of Disestablishment; for I wish to return to the "Shepherd's Calendar," that being, at the moment, the pastoral book to which my inclinations most strongly carry me, and I have learned in these matters to trust the Genius.'

That was in rough what I said to my friend on this occasion, and then I put the book into his hand, and pointed out a few places, from which I had myself gathered the scope and merits of the discussion. I showed him first in the Eclogue for May the story of the Fox and the Kid, which tells how a foolish youngster was fascinated by a Pedlar's pack of trifles, and in the event carried off by the Pedlar, who was a disguised Fox. I noticed my friend give a great start as he read the opening lines, which paint the Goat's tender solicitude for her wayward son:

Kiddie (quoth she) thou kens't the great care
I have of thy health and thy welfare—

and I heard him mutter 'Kens't' several times under his breath, but he did not betray further the cause of his emotion. 'In that poem,' I said, 'you will find all the arguments used by the enemies of the Church of Rome. Then in the Eclogue for July you will get the case against the High Church party in our own communion, put from the Low Church point of view. It begins thus:

What ho! thou jolly shepherd swain,
Come up the hill to me;
Better 'tis than the lowly plain
As for thy flock and thee.

And ends, of course, with the warnings of celestial vengeance:

One day he sat upon a hill
As now thou wouldest me,
But I am taught by Algrind's ill
To love the low degree;

For sitting so with bared scalp,
 An eagle soared high,
 That weening his white head was chalk
 A shell-fish down let fly.'

'Such prophecies,' I said, 'tend to fulfil themselves again and again, for as long as there are foxes there will be kids, and as long as there are vales there must be hills, and, as Bacon says, "The vale best discovereth the hill;" but if you wish for a more particular prediction, you will find what you want in the Eclogue for September, which celebrates the mingled boldness and discretion of the Bishop of Rochester, under his Latinised title of Roffen; in an allegory to which I doubt not you yourself from the study of the papers can supply the interpretation.'

'But,' I went on, 'as I see you are somewhat oppressed and inclined to overrate the danger of the "crisis," I should like to point you to a passage in an old mask of England, the very title of which, "The Queen's Arcadia," suggests an application to our own days. The simple innocence of the people is shown to run great risks from French fashions, patent medicines, and the over-use of tobacco, as no doubt it does; but the religious charlatan, Pistophenax, whose motive is

To call up doubt in the Established rites,

in order to promote Disestablishment, is unmasked immediately upon entering Arcadia and summarily expelled.

Melibæus. This man I found with them now, since you went,
 Maintaining hot dispute with Tityrus
 About the rites and mysteries of Pan.

Ergastus. He's like to be of their associates then.
Techne. what is this secret friend of yours?

Techne. Forsooth, he is a very holy man.

Ergastus. A very holy man! What is his name?

Techne. Truly his name, sir, is Pistophenax.

Ergastus. What is he masked, or is that Face his own?

Techne. He is not masked; 'tis his complexion sure.

Ergastus. Techne, we cannot credit thy report.

Let one try whether it be so or not.

O see a most deformed and ugly face, &c.'¹

'But,' said my friend, 'does Pistophenax represent the Protestant agitator or the Ritualistic law-breaker?' 'That,' I replied, 'is a detail of interpretation upon which opinions may well be allowed to differ until the event decides.' When we had reached

¹ The names are Greek: *Pistophenax* = religious impostor; *Techne* = art and craft; *Ergastus* = the working-man.

this point, 'Well,' said my friend, 'it is all certainly very odd, especially that about Kensit and Asquith; and, as long as I am in your company, I incline to be of your opinion. But yet I had always thought that Swift had exposed the folly of the whole crew of almanac-makers in his attack upon Partridge, the astrologer, whose death he prophesied in jest.'¹ 'There are few truths,' I could not help replying, 'that have not many times been left for dead; and yet they have made presently a very good recovery. *Magna est veritas et prævalet.* The eighteenth century was not an age of faith.' 'Well, tell me,' said my friend, 'between ourselves, how it's done.' 'You speak,' I retorted, 'as though I were a professor of prestidigitation, some Maskelyne or Cooke. If you mean how do the stars influence us, I know no more than you. When you have said "influence," as when you have said "influenza," you but state a fact without explaining it. Bacon, who was, as you know, much tainted in certain moods by what is called a scientific scepticism, attempted to limit the influence of the planets to vast bodies of men,² thinking an individual altogether too minute to be the subject of their operation, which is very like saying that a mountain is kept in its place by the attraction of gravitation, while a molehill is too inconsiderable to be affected. When you have explained to me the causes of gravitation, I shall think it worth while undertaking a search into the causes of influence. It is more important to make sure of the fact; and if you for the one bring the testimony of Sir Isaac Newton, I am more than content for the other to appeal to Shakespeare, or (if the name would carry more weight with you) to Bacon. That greatest of poets and philosophers puts any doubt he expresses as to planetary influence into the lips of his greatest rogues when they are preparing some deed of especial villainy. Hear, for example, the bastard Edmund when he is hatching his plot against his excellent father and brother. The Earl of Gloucester has put the received view in this highly proper manner:

"These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of Nature can reason it thus and thus, yet Nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father."

¹ Predictions for the year 1708, by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.

² See *De Augmentis*, iii. 4.

‘And then the son soliloquises thus impiously :

“This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars : as if we were villains by necessity ; fools by heavenly compulsion ; knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance, &c.”

‘In “Julius Cæsar” you get the same contrast ; all the good characters in the play hold up their hands in horror at the ghastly portents which precede Cæsar’s murder, but Cassius the arch-conspirator is unmoved. It is only when he is on the eve of a very dubious battle, and himself the apparent object of other portents, that he is shaken in his unbelief.

You know that I held Epicurus strong
And his opinion : now I change my mind
And partly credit things that do presage.

It is remarkable how a man’s view of preternatural influence changes as soon as he is subjected to a little first-hand experience. One may take any view one pleases of ghosts and telepathic communications until the day when one sees a ghost or receives a message. In the same way, as long as luck stands our good friend we prefer to impute the effect of its unavoidable decrees to our virtue or our skill, unless we are afraid of envy, when, like Sylla, we think it luckier, by which we mean wiser, to be styled *Felix*. But when luck changes, our theory is apt to change too. Is it loss of virtue that has made me lose in every game of chance I have played this winter ? It can hardly be loss of skill.

*LITTLE ANNA MARK.*¹

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANNA MARK MOUNTS GUARD.

THEY laid the Dominie back again in his beautifully fitted case, among the wool and the stained scraps of netted fabric. Will Bowman's first thrust had gone through his shoulder a little beneath the spring of the neck. Yet so fierce was the desperado in his determination, that no murmur had escaped him even when the sharp steel ran clear through his flesh till the point encountered the wooden back of the case against which his shoulders were braced.

A knife, with a sharply curved blade, was in his right hand, doubtless intended first to cut a way out of his wrappings and then, secondly, to slit every throat in the Miln House, for that was the pattern of previous attempts of the same kind made at other mansions and lonely places throughout Scotland.

Now, there were at that time in Scotland many thousands of broken and outlaw men. Indeed, the wisest head in the realm (that of one Fletcher of Saltoun) estimated the 'beggars and gangrels' alone—that is, the open and declared vagabondage—at nothing short of two hundred thousand. So, what with the recent changes of government, the troubles within the Highland border, the incursions of the caterans, the encouragement of piracy and worse upon the seas, men lived in a kind of terror, and all who could provided, as Umphray Spurway hoped he had done, for their own safety.

The King's army, save a regiment or so about the capital, was either scattered athwart the face of the Jacobite districts or had been carried overseas to help the Dutch to fight the French.

So it came to pass that in the most settled and loyal of all the provinces of Scotland the worst and wildest deeds began to be

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wrought—at first under the cloud of night, but in a little while in open daylight also.

And thus it happens that in every district of Lowland Scotland there is one unvarying bruit of the deeds of these desperadoes, who at various times called themselves 'The Night Rakers,' 'The Bold Lads,' 'The Devil's Dragoons'—and were famed over all the south as 'The Wild Riders.'

In at least three cases their attempts had been successful, and on every occasion a large package had, upon some pretext, been delivered the night before at the doomed house. But this was the first time they had tried so great and defenced a place as Umphray Spurway's mill.

And right well had they chosen their time—Umphray away with the most part of his men, the rest taking advantage of his absence, all save a sober few, and leaving their houses empty and the mill itself well nigh defenceless.

As soon as Will Bowman realised what he had done, he set about making his preparations. He despatched by a back door one of the most trusty of the men who had hurriedly rallied to him, with orders to call in all the women and children out of their houses. For, believing that the defences of the mill would be tried before morning, he would permit no man to return to his house. Nor indeed was there any who, looking at the set face of the Dominie and the lip he had bitten through in the vain attempt to keep his secret, desired to set a foot outside the defences of the Miln House that night.

As I have said, the figure of the mill was four square, with a large courtyard in the centre. On the river side little watch was necessary, the Esk water fretting against the sheer walls both darksome and deep, and effectually preventing any surprise. The easterly or upstream end was defended in like manner by a gorge, across which straddled, on its trellis-work of wood, the 'lade' that carried the water to the great wheel. There were windows along this side, from which a sharpshooter or two could enfilade a regiment. But it was on the side averse from the river and on the contiguous northerly front that the burden of any attack must fall.

For the buildings that ran round the square courtyard were of wood set in a foundation of stone, and if any evil-designing person got to within lighting distance of these, the whole mill, upon which Umphray Spurway had expended his life and fortune, would mount up in a sheet of flame to the skies. There were many also who hated

him, not only because of his success and supposed riches, but because he was an Englishman, using mostly his own countrymen to weave for him, and (as it seemed to the ignorant and even to those who should have known better) taking the bread out of the mouths of honest Scots. For those who wove in their own homes at small narrow looms could only produce a web one third the width of Umphray's cloth and at a far greater expense of time, labour, and material.

I did not bide long upstairs, you may be sure. The heart-flutter and tremulous excitement of the night would not let me go to sleep. Indeed, I never so much as tried, but sat on my bed listening to the hum about the mill as this one ran this way and the other that. I could distinguish clearly the sharp incidence of Will Bowman's shouted orders upon the walls of the quadrangle. Presently I heard a light step without.

I peeped out at the door, and there, if you please, with her bandolier over her shoulder, her powder-flask, pistol, and skean dhu (or highland dirk), was Little Anna Mark, pretending to mount guard on the side which looks to the south over the mill lade and the birchen linn to the Kirkconnel water singing below in the dusk.

At sight of her array I was greatly stung. I, a boy, and the first discoverer of treachery, was behindhand in the defence of the place which gave me shelter, while a girl——

Yet, after all, it was Little Anna Mark. And that was a very different thing, I told myself.

As soon as she saw me she called out, 'Oh, Philip, you are there—I thought you had gone to bed!'

And continued her promenade in a military manner.

'I am going into Umphray Spurway's room,' said I, 'to get his new musket that has the bayonet devised by the general who ran away at Killiecrankie.'

'I dare you to take it!' she said, for she did not want me to be better armed than she.

'And pray, miss, what have you to do with it?' I asked her.

She nodded her head in an aggravating way she had, as one who would say, 'Never mind,' yet refrains from saying it.

'I wager you a pound I will take it and use it, and never be faulted for it!' I made answer. For I thought of my mother and of my standing with Umphray Spurway on her account.

'Done!' she cried, with her thumb caught rakishly in the

strap of her bandolier like a frolick blade standing guard in a place where he can be stared at by the maids.

I ran towards Umphray Spurway's room to get the new musket, which I had always coveted an occasion to try. But when I got to the upper door I heard a mocking laugh behind me which quickened both my pace and my desire. The door stood open, and as soon as I got within I saw that the nest was empty and the bird flown. The musket was gone, with all the other arms of the better sort which Umphray kept in his bedchamber for safe and dry keeping.

I came out again, and there, with the very musket dropped to the ready, the bayonet fixed, and the priming in the pan, stood Anna Mark, who stamped her little foot and called on me to stand in the King's name, in the most approved fashion.

Whereat I bade her to be careful, for that such things were not to be trifled with save by those who understood them. At which Mistress Malapert turned up her nose, and handing me the piece, she cried, 'Sir Wiseacre, see if Umphray himself could have charged it any better!'

It was true. All was perfect when I examined it, and with very good intent I could find no fault.

'There!' she said, 'you might have had this at the first if you had asked properly. I made it ready for you. So do not forget that airs and graces neither become nor advantage you, Master Philip Stansfield!'

To this I had no time to answer, nor indeed any answer ready to hand. So I betook me down the stairs, having secured Umphray's powder-flask and twenty charges of ball.

I found Will Bowman a very important and a very proud youth indeed. The women and children he had put in the low vaulted chambers over the river, where they would be safe both from the danger of fire and from stray shots.

He had at his disposal only seven men upon whom he could rely to see him through the night, and this, with Anna and myself, was all his fighting force.

Five of the seven he had set at various loop-holes along the side which looks down the river. For there he judged was our greatest danger.

He himself, with a man who had skill in gunnery, was to have charge of the little four-pounder carronade which was placed on the top of the main gate-house tower. The battlements stood a

little out and were constructed to sweep the whole long eastern side.

One man was placed on the roof of the mill to watch the water-front, while Anna Mark had installed herself, as I have told, in the corridor which overlooks the little linn of Kirkconnel.

Presently I stood on the tower with Will and the man he had chosen as his companion, one Stephen Sawkins, Umphray Spurway's carpenter. He was a bronzed man with large silver rings in his ears, like those worn by Saul Mark, and a Kentish man by birth.

'Ah, Master Bowman,' he was saying when I reached the top, 'this is the first time I have shotted a gun since I sailed with my brother Captain Sawkins to the South Seas and the Isle of Plate. Turned over a new leaf I have since the day we took Hilo and got a pint of molasses apiece for our pains!'

'If you were in that business, you ought have all been hanged for bloody pirates, every dog of you!' said William Bowman drawing the tarred sail-cloth off the carronade and kneeling before it while Stephen Sawkins stood by with a lantern in his hand.

'Nay, Master Will,' objected the latter, 'we never robbed our fellow countrymen, but only Spaniards and papistical settlers, not one of them properly married or with any respect for living religion like as Englishmen have.'

'Quit arguing, and see you if this charge be all right,' said Will; 'we will fight them with grape.'

Stephen Sawkins laughed.

'Right—aye, right enow,' he said. 'This will sting them rarely, whether they come on horse or on foot!' He sighed as a thought came over him, 'Pray God, they come at all!' he added.

Nor was it long till we had tidings of Mr. Ringrose's associates. Will had purposely allowed no lights, save and except the dark lantern which he had himself taken to the top of the gate-tower in order that he might see to cast loose and load the carronade. Now, whether the Dominie was to make some signal to his mates with a lantern or no I cannot tell. Certain it is that one was found, with the tinder, flint, and steel all ready to be lighted at his feet. And it may be that Will or Stephen Sawkins, turning the glim this way and that at the charging of their piece, unwittingly made the signal agreed upon, or something like it. So much was never known.

At all events, it was not long before, in the dim light, we could

make out a row of dark figures running from the willow copses and scrubby oakwoods on the north and east towards the Miln House.

We three crouched behind the battlements of the little tower and strained our eyes into the darkness.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RESURRECTION OF DOMINIE RINGROSE.

THE enemy came in three divisions to the number of, apparently, some thirty or forty, but our fears and the night may very like have doubled their numbers.

The largest part ran straight for our gate-tower. Another band made for the north side and scrambled down into the ditch with intent to reach the line of windows. Little did they suspect that behind each second one of those, crouched a stout weaver accustomed to the use of arms with a loaded musket at his shoulder. A third and smaller number, not more than three or four, descended into the gully of Kirkconnel linn in the direction of the 'mill lade.' In fact they attacked all three vulnerable parts of the Miln House.

At the gate immediately beneath us, the main party paused in evident astonishment. It was of massy wood strengthened with plates and bosses of wrought iron. They had evidently expected to find it open, and when it loomed up before them solid and uncompromising they stopped astonished and dismayed.

Then one bolder than the rest, a tall figure etched in blackness against the grey-green turf, went boldly up and tried both halves, throwing his whole weight upon them. They rested still, silent, and immovable. Then this apparent leader went back to consult. Had they mistaken the signal? Was it a trap?

They were meditating when the voice of Will Bowman rang out:

'What do you here under arms at my master's gate? If you do not instantly betake yourselves off whence you came, I will blow you all to the devil!'

We could see their line reel at the unexpected challenge and make a movement backward. I know not what they would have done if they had been left to themselves—perhaps retreated. But

at that moment from the deep gully of the linn there came first one shot and on the heels of that another. Then there was the cry of one in pain, the hoarse cry of a man. It was Little Anna Mark at work, first of all the defenders of the Miln House to smell powder.

'Bravo!' cried Stephen Sawkins, 'shall I let them have it, Master Will?'

'Hold,' said Will, 'it is my duty to save life if I can——'

'Aye, but our own, not the lives of cut-throats such as these!' muttered the ex-buccaneer.

'I will speak once more to them!'

'You will waste your words!' said Sawkins.

Will began in a loud clear voice:

'Your spy is dead. We are fully prepared for you. You cannot take our fortress. With a movement of my hand I can sweep you all to perdition. But I give you a chance to save your lives for the gallows. Call off your men, leave us and our houses unmolested, and we will serve you the same.'

'Dog of the English,' cried a voice, 'we will not leave one alive in all your dirty kennel. We will burn you alive to teach you to bide at home and not come here, taking the bread out of our mouths!'

Then another voice deeper and fiercer cried: 'Forward!' And with a loud shout, a full score rushed at the door. It stood the strain and then two of the assailants brought fore-hammers and room was made for them to wield them.

Clang! went the first on the outer plate of the great lock. And we could hear the sound reverberate through the weaving hall where lay the body of the dead spy in his comfortable packing of wool.

The door leaped on its hinges, and the man swung his hammer for a second blow.

'Once more I warn you—and for the last time!' cried Will, depressing the muzzle of the carronade over the battlement while Stephen Sawkins cowered and sighted behind for the heads of the throng. 'Go back, all you who value your lives!'

The only answer was the thunder of both hammers on the door at once, and the startling reverberation of the sound from within as from a drum. Then from along the north side came a straggling volley. The five weavers had fired upon the foes who were escalading their defences.

A black worm with a glowing tip approached the touch of the four-pounder.

'Stand away!' said Will, as Stephen hovered behind still anxious about his aim.

There was a leap of flame from the touch-hole, a thundering crack which momentarily deafened us, and then there ensued an awful turmoil beneath, shrieking and moaning, oaths of rage and cries of despair. I looked over the battlement, but being temporarily blinded by the tongue of flame which burst from the gun, I could make out nothing save a writhing confusion, a whirl of limbs and white faces, some gripping and biting their neighbours in their agony, like crabs in a basket, while the confused sound went up to heaven in a many-voiced shriek of despair.

From the tower-top there went forth no sound of triumph. Will Bowman and Stephen Sawkins were too busy making ready for the next line of assailants. But none were prepared to adventure further just then. They had not even begun to carry off their wounded.

But from the other side of the Miln House we heard the triumphant cries of the assailants as they climbed up to the lower windows. The muskets of the weavers spoke again and again, as it seemed without much effect.

'Run, Philip,' cried Will; 'go to the corner there, and from the jutting loft you can command the whole northern front. We shall not need you here.'

For, indeed, I confess that thus far I had been of no use in the fray, so stunned was I between the suddenness of the report and terrible effect of the grapeshot upon the assailants of the gateway.

On the way to the north corner I had to pass through the great dim weaving room, now dusked and terrible to me with the thought of the dead lying in the bier on which he had laid himself a living man. Yet the ladder by which I must mount was immediately at the back of the packing-case and to gain my post I must needs pass it.

As I went hastily by I had not meant to look at it. Indeed, I had been nerving myself all the way to keep my eyes straight in front of me. But a stealthy noise somewhere in the room and a momentary upleaping of the flames of the dying fire drew my regard in spite of myself to the place where I had seen them lay the dead man.

Then it was that I got the most horrid surprise that ever in all my life stilled and dismayed my soul within me. *The packing-case was empty.*

And beyond it; in the direction of the stirring noise which I had heard, my eyes fell upon a sight to affright and subvert my reason. He that had been dead was standing by the great doors, swaying, staggering on his feet, and endeavouring to undo with his hands the great iron stanchions, so that when pushed against from without the leaves might open inwards.

I cried aloud in fear. My hands trembled so that I dropped my musket on the ground. In a moment the terrifying apparition had turned towards me. I saw the countenance of a dead man come to life, streaked and blotched with blood, the eyes fixed and injected, staring like knots in window glass, with an inward green light. Scraps of wool stuck to his dress here and there, with an effect incomparably bizarre. Yet such was the strength and fidelity of the man in evil-doing, that at the first sight of me he swerved, and steadying himself, with an inarticulate cry that was more than half a moan, he raised the knife which was in his right hand and came towards me with the stealthy tread of a wild beast.

His mouth was wide open to draw in enough air to clear, for the moment, his clogging lungs. His breath came in laboured and gurgling pants; nevertheless he had the resolution to pursue me, in order that he might finish the work for which he had come, and open the great doors for his friends.

I had scarcely time to leap behind the empty case before he was upon me. I tried to escape either way about it, but for all his swaying uncertainty of motion he was ready there with his knife. So I had to content myself with fainting first to the right and then to the left. I was afraid that he would see my musket lying at the foot of the stairs; but either his glazed eyes did not perceive it, or, as is more probable, he did not judge it wise for the success of his project to fire a shot; at any rate, he began slowly and deliberately to move the empty packing-case towards me in order to trap me in the corner.

It must have been the weirdest spectacle, and had I been able to watch it as an uninterested spectator, the duel between the terrified boy, dodging and doubling like a cornered rat, and the dying man grimly resolved to finish his dire work, must have been worthy of the Roman arena. Gradually and methodically the

Dominie reduced the space in which I turned and twisted, pivoting the box alternately on one angle and on the other. Then he would lean over to see if he could reach me with his knife. At last I was so pent in that I could move neither way, and as I realised this I lifted up my voice in a great piteous cry of 'Anna—Anna Mark!'

The terrible streaked face, the gouted breast, and the fingers clutching the knife were very near to me now. I could see the ruddy foam break in bubbles between the grey of his lips. But at the cry of 'Anna Mark' he seemed to pause. I pushed with all my weight against the case. It toppled and fell over against his breast, causing him to stagger backward.

Then, ere he could recover and set it up again on edge, a sharp report came from the stairway, waking the echoes of the great weaving-room. My pursuer uttered a sobbing cry, his knife jingled on the floor from his twitching hand, and he fell backward with all the weight of the packing-case upon him.

Little Anna Mark stood on the steps near the top with a smoking musket in her hand.

Then she threw it down and began to weep.

'Oh, I have killed a man,' she cried. 'I am a wicked, wicked girl.'

I ran to her and told her that the man was as good as dead at any rate, and that if she had not shot him down as she did, not only I, but all in the mill would have been ruthlessly slain.

Which was all very true, but did not comfort her greatly.

'I will fight no more,' she said. 'I never thought before about guns killing people.'

Having refixed the single stanchions and the bolts the Dominie had drawn, I picked up my gun, and Anna and I ran up to the corner of the north side, from which we could see the whole exposed front of the mill. The moon had risen late in her last quarter, and now began to throw a pale light across the woods of Moreham.

The attack had completely failed. We could see a few figures hurrying away, mostly in bunches of three or four, apparently carrying off their dead, whilst a neighing of horses and a clattering of hoofs told that the robbers had made all ready for retreat.

Presently Will Bowman came rushing in.

'A glorious victory!' he said; 'but I would have given a

whole year's wages to have had another lick at them with the carronade full to the muzzle of slugs and rusty nails.'

I told him of my adventure, and we went down to look at the fastenings of the great doors, one of which had been forced up. The marks of Ringrose's hands were wet and red upon it. Had his friends returned in force, the doors would have opened at a touch.

We went down and looked at the man who had been so hard to slay, so faithful unto death in the Devil's service. Three of Will's strokes had pierced him, but only one fatally. Anna's single bullet had sunk itself into his brain.

Will stood musing upon him.

'I tell you what, Philip Stansfield,' he said, presently; 'there lies a kind of man with whom it was a toss-up whether he became his Grace of Marlborough or—this poor piece of carrion. This Dominie was a man brave enough to win a score of battles, but he took the wrong turning. Well, Umphray Spurway will not think the worse of him for his pluck.'

'Nor for trying to kill me!' I cried, for my charity did not reach so far, nor the matter strike me quite so impersonally.

'No,' he answered coolly; 'he held his tongue when I thrust him through and through, though he was held fast hand and foot in a dark box. And while dying by inches he could yet rise to finish his work before he went. I tell you what, Philip; if you and I stick to our jobs as well as this Dominie Ringrose—why, we may sit down and take a rest awhile when we are well out of it all.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

ANNA SENDS A CHALLENGE.

WILLIAM BOWMAN sent Anna Mark and me off to bed with many expressions of commendation, saying that he would inform Umphray Spurway of our courage and resolution. And this presently he did, though, Heaven knows, it was little enough I had done. But, Anna Mark being as jealous of what others should think of me as zealous to beat me privately at all manner of ploys, gave such an account of my struggle with the Dominie, that I had all the credit for having stopped him from opening the doors to his confederates.

And not to be outdone in generosity by a girl, I told them that but for her clever shot from the stairs I had been a very dead boy indeed, and in all probability most of those to whom I spoke as well.

In the early morning of the next day arrived Umphray Spurway with his whole caravan, and a wild man he was when he found the wicked fact that had so nearly been perpetrated upon his folk and property.

Without pausing even for food he started to hunt down the outlaws. But they had dispersed over a great morass called Crichton Moor that lies to the north, a few going this way and a few that. The only clear trail led to a little sheltered bay called Byness Bay, and here were many traces of horses and the trampling of gravel down to the shore plain to be seen. So it was thought that the dead had been taken out to be buried in the sea, each with a stone tied to his feet, and that the others, who were not of the country and secretly allied with the desperadoes, had escaped in a ship. A fisherman on the shore told Umphray that as he was going down to fish for lobsters a voice from an anchored lugger hailed him and bade him keep away, if he did not want a leaden bullet in his gizzard.

And on his replying that he was wishful to do no harm, but only to set his partan cages in Byness Bay, a black-a-vised man in a knitted cap set his head over the bulwarks and bade him do no harm somewhere else than in Byness Bay for a day or two.

'See you,' he said, 'if your wife is a good sort, don't you go cross-wise to make her a widdy. For that's no kindness to her, unless she knows of a better man than you be! So take my advice, go south or go north—but keep wide of this cove till you see our topsails low over the north water.'

'An ugly deil he was—so I took my traps on my back and awa' across to the Black Point. It's no chancy to argie-bargie wi' yon kind o' foreigneerin' gentry!'

And so strange it was that none heard of any dead in all the country-side, though some were never heard of again—young sparks too of no mean degree, who were said by their families to have departed overseas, but who were shrewdly suspected to have had a hand in the 'Brenning oot o' the Englishman,' which was the name the action got, from the intent—not the deed—of the assailants.

And after this I was no more permitted to spend all my

holidays at the house of Umphray Spurway. And this was chiefly owing to an idea my poor mother had that those who attacked the Miln House intended chiefly to kill me, and not merely to plunder the mill, alleging in proof thereof that the spy Bernard Ringrose had been a tool of my Uncle John, and if he were not why had he risen as it were from his very grave to attack her only son with his knife?

And from this she could not be beaten, though even Umphray Spurway laughed at her. Yet surely it was not possible that a man of law and one so nearly related to me could wish me ill. And, moreover, if he did, there were many ways of injuring me without assaulting the chiefest stronghold in the countryside.

So home to my mother I went to the little house in the Vennel whose gable looks down on the port and out on the sea washing the very sand before our doors, a mighty change for a laddie bred on the hills. Before me as I drew on my breeks in the morn were the hundred masts of the harbour of Abercairn, the tall sea-going ships riding without at their anchor-holds, the coast-wise schooners dimpling on the swell midway, and a score of smacks packed along the quay like herrings on a string.

Then such rolling tarry sailors, as slouched and smoked along the sea-front, such curious oiled curls, pierced ears, strange oaths, as were among these jolly shiver-my-timbers comrades. All the sullen, melancholy sour humours of the Covenanting hills seemed in an hour blown away by the sunburnt mirth and many-tongued joviality of the seaport of Abercairn.

My mother, however, had a new grievance. She had often pressed it upon Umphray Spurway that he was not the person to bring up a well-grown girl verging upon fourteen or fifteen, who would soon spring into a woman. And so my mother offered to take Anna Mark as her daughter and bring her up with me in our little house at Abercairn.

'She needs other governance than yours,' said my mother to Master Spurway. 'What skills it that she can shoot and fish and play backsword as well as any man in ten parishes? She is not a man, and the doing of these things will only shame her the more.'

Here I protested vehemently, and was promptly put to silence with an asperity quite foreign to my mother's nature. 'You know nothing about the matter, Philip. Run your ways out and play.'

So for the time I went ill enough pleased, and left my mother to press her project upon Umphray Spurway in her own manner, which doubtless she did with all success; for there was nothing then or ever that Umphray would not do to pleasure my mother.

But when I came in again, I said to her, 'Mother, what ails you at Little Anna Mark? Why do you not like her?'

It was a surely simple question enough, yet must my mother fall a-trembling and look at me with a pale and perturbed countenance.

'Listen, Philip,' she said. 'I have had enough of this Little Anna Mark. Ever since you went to the Miln House it has been "Little Anna Mark" this and "Little Anna Mark" that as often as you come back. And when Umphray—Master Spurway, I mean—comes in to drink his dish of tea it is Little Anna all over again. And a wildcat madam at the best, I warrant, to be growing up among men there in that mill-house.'

'Why, mother, they all love her,' said I, to try her; 'Umphray himself——'

But at this she stamped her foot. 'I will hear nothing more concerning the minx, neither now nor again!' she said; and so went up into her own chamber slamming the door after her.

Then when she had forgotten her strange angers, I asked her again, 'But, mother, if you are so set against our Little Anna, why is it that you desire her to come hither and be with me in one house?'

'I desire the thing itself not greatly,' said my mother, 'but indeed one cannot see the girl being brought up like a heathen among a lot of men, and for a guardian and companion having only that great soft-heart of an Umphray Spurway.'

This was knocking down my two idols at one blow, so I made answer: 'Why, mother, what has Umphray done that you have grown to dislike him? I am sure he is ever fond enough of you.'

Whereat my mother dashed her hand to her brow, pretending that her hair was falling over her eyes (which it was not, nor ever could).

'I mislike none,' she said, 'but I cannot bear to see silliness. And in this Umphray has been foolish from the beginning.'

I knew that it was time to stop, so I said no more at that time. But, as may be supposed, I thought much about the matter, and the more I thought the less could it see light. Finally, I judged that it must be on account of her mother, who

had been sent away across the seas to the Carolinas, that my mother hated Little Anna. It could not be that she was jealous of a girl like her living in one house with Umphray Spurway, who was old enough to be her father. No, indeed, that was clean impossible.

But when next I saw Anna I got a still greater surprise. The manner of it was as follows. I was going one morning to the grammar school of Nicholas Kidston in Abercain, with my books in a strap under my arm, when I met William Bowman riding into the town. At this I was most mightily rejoiced, and, throwing my books hastily under a bench in a cobbler's shop where I was acquainted, I ran after him.

'Let me up before you on your beast,' I cried.

'I will do better than that for you, Philip,' he replied. 'I will give you the beast itself for the day, if you like to risk it—that is, if you are not afraid of the master's birch for truancy to-morrow morning.'

'Umph—Nicholas Kidston, indeed! I dare him to meddle me,' I made answer. 'I care so little for him that I will ride past the school door.'

And indeed I had feared my schoolmaster once for all the day when first I went to school, by drawing a dirk on him when he bade me untruss. That and the fear of my famous father did the business. I was no more in terror of my instructor. But this I did not tell to my mother.

So without further thought of my schooling I accompanied Will to his stable at the King's Arms in the High Street of Abercain. As we went he told me his business.

'I am going on board a snow to examine bills of lading with the captain. He is from Hull with a cargo of looms and foreign yarns. The customs themselves will take a full day. Then there are his charges and allowances to be gone over. Now I was bid to tell you that Little Anna Mark would fence you for a silver dollar at the back of the Miln House, and that Umphray Spurway would be all day wool-buying at Moreham Fair. You can put two and two together, I hope.'

Will Bowman kept his countenance as he spoke. Indeed, it sounded very like a trysting of lad and lass. But neither Anna nor I thought at all of that. We were comrades, that was all. But, nevertheless, I longed to see her, and I did not believe that she could fence me. Indeed I chuckled to myself, for I had

been taking lessons in the art from one Sergeant Robert Arthur, sometime of Buchan's foot, but who, as he put it himself, had been promoted for drunkenness, and was now living in taverns and passing as a veteran of the wars.

It was (as I have elsewhere said) a good twelve miles by the ordinary well-trodden roads to New Milns, but there was a pass or slip through the hills behind Abercairn, by which the distance was no more than seven, a good hour's ride only to one that knew the paths. So when Will had baited his horse and rested it half an hour, I got across the saddle and rode out of the town by devious ways, so that my mother would not hear of my evasion.

It was not my habit to go home to dinner, for which, indeed, there was no time, my mother's house lying at the far-end of the town from the grammar school of Nicholas Kidston. So the day was mine own till bed-time.

In little more than an hour I found myself at New Milns; for as soon as the beast got its head homeward, there was no need of whip or spur. Comrade, pasture, and manger—or perhaps simply the desire for home—pulled the rein, so that presently the great square of Umphray Spurway's mill lay beneath me, and there, by the mill wheel (as Will had said), was Little Anna Mark. At sight of her I could hardly get my steed quick enough into the stable, and call on Robin Green to take the care of the beast off my hands. I wanted greatly to run to my comrade, to tread my old pastures, and forget all in the clean downward thresh of the water from the mill-wheel, the singing of the weir, and Little Anna's voice scolding me for minding her foolish message and coming at all.

Now if anyone thinks this is going to turn out a love tale, she is grievously mistaken. For indeed Anna and I were far above that kind of thing.

On the contrary, we did nothing but spar and taunt one another, and for a long time there was scarce a civil word spoken between us. But this rencountering I need not write down, though I can remember it well enough.

But the serious part I will write. And in the aftercome that proved grave enough for me.

It was not our custom to shake hands when we met, much less—but of that we had not so much as thought at that time. Not I, at least.

So Little Anna and I sat down on the broad wooden edge of the

pool below the mill-wheel, the same into which the man had fallen the night of the attack. Here we swung our legs and watched the minnows circling calmly in the cool backwash, till at a certain point they dived heels-over-head under the impetuous down rush of the mill-stream, were tumbled deep in the brown turmoil of the pool, and after a time emerged beaten and breathless in the shallows once more. It seemed so good to be a fish and wear no clothes on such a day; for it had grown hot as I rode over the hills, and down in the sheltered valley there was not a breath of air stirring.

‘How will you like it,’ I said, ‘when you come to Abercairn to live with my mother? There are no weirs to sing, or pools to dabble your feet in there, excepting salt-water ones out among the dulse and the sand-jumpers.’

‘I might like it well enough,’ she replied, very composedly, ‘only I am not coming to Abercairn to live with you, or your mother either.’

I could not conceal my astonishment.

‘But,’ I remonstrated, ‘I know it has been settled so; for I heard my mother persuade Umphray Spurway to it.’

‘Oh!’ she made answer, without looking at me; ‘so your mother persuaded Umphray to it against his will, did she?’

‘Certainly, Little Anna,’ I made answer. ‘I heard it with my own ears.’

‘Through the key-hole, I suppose?’ she said scornfully. But as that was her manner I paid no heed. (It was true all the same.)

‘Well,’ she went on, ‘it will surprise you to hear that I am not coming to Abercairn. I do not propose to exchange a house where I am welcome for one where I am not. Besides, my father has come back to this country. And I am not going to Abercairn to be snapped off in some foreign ship to help Saul Mark at his dice tables or to mind his monkey in the sleeping-booth.’

Both these things came like a thunderclap on me. Anna Mark would not come to us; her father was back in Scotland.

And now—so curious is the heart of a boy—I had cared little or nothing hitherto about Anna coming to our house in the Vennel, save to consider how she would agree with my mother, and how late the pair of us would be allowed to play on the quay. But now, so soon as I knew that she would not come, I was in a mighty taking to make her promise—nay, even to take her

back with me there and then upon the beast I had left in the stable.

'You would go to school in Abercairn,' I urged, 'and learn also those things which—which lasses ought to learn. For, you know, after all, you *are* a lassie. You cannot change that!'

'Yes,' she answered with great scorn, turning up her nose, 'I am a lassie. And because I do not wear knee-breeches I must forsooth sit all day stitching at a sampler—so fine: "great A, plain; great B, plain; little B; flourished B; Anna Mark, Her Sampler. Be a Good Girl and you Will Succeed in Life and Be a Nuisance to All your Loving Friends"! No, thank you, Philip Stansfield; I would rather a thousand times go help my father with his *cartes* and his monkey!'

Of course her father possessed no monkey. It was only a manner of speaking the girl had.

So we talked and talked, nor did we make any better of it. Anna would not come to be pressed in a mould like a jelly. She could not be fitted to Mistress Priscilla Allan's set of ladylike manners. The day might come when my mother would put her out of the mill-house, but that day had not come.

At this last insinuation I fired up, and asked her what she meant by speaking so of my mother—that my mother was a good woman, as she ought to know.

Which was true enough, but I had not learned then that the best of women are not always fair to one another, especially when the same number of years which will bring one of them to nineteen will land the other at forty.

So Anna and I swung our legs and talked, while the sun mounted higher, till we were almost out of the shade of the great beech which grew over the lade.

'Now come to single-stick in the wool-shed,' she cried, suddenly starting up, 'and I will make you all over blue marks to carry back to Abercairn. It will save Dominie Nicholas the trouble of birching you to-morrow.'

I was about to consent, when a pair of shadows fell across the pool. We looked up, and lo! there, on the opposite bank, stood—her father Saul Mark and my own Uncle John.

CHAPTER XIX.

SIR HARRY MORGAN'S TREASURE.

AT sight of these two I started to my feet and made as if I would escape. But the men stood looking at us with such kindly and smiling countenances that my suspicions were allayed, the more so that Little Anna sat still where she was, pulling the tart herb called 'soorocks' from the moist crevices and crunching the stalks between her small white teeth.

'This, then, is his grandfather's heir—a fine lad!' said Saul Mark after a while.

'And this your daughter?' inquired my uncle, turning to his companion like one who seeks confirmation rather than like one who asks a question.

'How is it, Philip,' he went on, 'that we see you so seldom at the Great House, which in a manner belongs to you? That is not well done to your grandmother.'

'I am at school, uncle,' I said, not knowing well what else to say.

'So I see,' said he, smiling at Little Anna Mark; 'it is a pleasant sort of tutelage; I myself have learnt much at just such an academy.'

That was the way my uncle John talked ever, not speaking plain, but in long lawyer's words, and mostly with some other meaning than that which appeared on the surface.

'You were about to play single-stick,' said Saul Mark; 'I used to play myself. Will you have a bout with me, Anna?'

'Agreed!' said his daughter, rising quickly and leading the way about the mill-house to the wool-room. As he entered I saw Saul Mark glance around as if to verify a description.

'Master Umphray is perchance not at home to-day?' he said.

'No,' said Anna in answer, 'but there are half a hundred weavers all busy with their looms.'

And she opened a door into the weaving-room, where were a crowd of men and the creaking clatter of many looms and shuttles. Then Anna went and found the single-sticks, and she and her father fell to. Saul Mark had been the finest player on Glasgow Green on the eve of Saint John (which is their head night for these plays in the West). But now he had grown a little stiff, and it was not long, whether by accident or intent on his part, before Anna got

within his guard and cracked his crown so that a thin thread of scarlet trickled down his brow.

He flung down the stick smiling and mopping his head.

'First blood!' he said. 'I did not think that the day would ever come when a girl could crack the pate of Saul Mark. Master John, do you try her.'

But my uncle declined, saying that he was a man of peace, and that combats of wit were all that were allowed to gentlemen of the long robe. So Saul Mark bade me take the stick, which when I had done Anna and I played a very fast bout as was our wont, the sallow man with the rings in his ears applauding every good and clever stroke. We did not spare each other, she and I, and when a halt was called we were both out of breath, but Anna manifestly the victor.

'Good schooling!' said Saul Mark, nodding his head.

'Scottish courtship!' echoed Mr. John Stansfield, smiling, for which I did not thank him. And at his jest Anna cast the sticks on a shelf and turned haughtily away.

The two men did not stay long at the mill-house after this, being, as I think, apprehensive lest Umphray Spurway would return. And so Anna and I were left to ourselves. We watched them going slowly and in deep converse across the fields towards the Great House of New Milns.

Anna looked long at them under her hand.

'We are quaintly fitted in the matter of fathers, you and I, Philip,' she said, with a strange look on her face. I thought she was going to add, 'and mothers'; but she did not. Indeed, I know not whether she remembered her own mother, or whether any had ever spoken to her of Janet Mark the Carolina slave.

'Now, you will have a bite of dinner, and be going on your way,' she said. 'With so many loving friends in the neighbourhood you cannot be too soon within the Vennel Port of Abercairn. I did wrong to bring you here.'

But with one thing and another it was after five-of-the-clock when I took my beast from Robin Green and cried a last good-bye to my comrade. She stood by the white-thorn tree at the gable-end, and the westerly sun was rosy on her face. There was a dancing light in the eyes which smiled upon me, though her mouth was grave. I did not offer even to take her hand, which was a regret to me afterwards.

So in this fashion I rode away from the door of the Miln House,

which I loved so well, and from Anna Mark my dear companion and playmate of many years.

I had mastered the steep of the hill, and was making my way quickly through the perilous bypaths of the hills, when night fell. I will not admit that I was frightened, but yet I confess I drew a long breath when at last, like a grey sheet hung midway the sky, unspotted and unwrinkled, the sea broke upon my vision through a gap in the hills.

After this the night fell sharply and the dusk seemed almost to speed eastward like a swift-footed runner, as a purple cloud edged with a rim of living gold rose, towered and crenellated, shutting out the sunset glow.

I was passing a little darksome loaning which leads down to a lonely grange house called The Hermitage, when I heard the sound of horses' feet. I turned apprehensively in my saddle, or rather in Will Bowman's saddle. I could see a dusky shape turn into the main road behind me. The shape seemed familiar, and a spasm of fear took hold on me. I put my finger into my waist-coat pocket where (a foolish boy's trick) I carried a pinch or two of powder loose as another might carry snuff. Then I took out the pistol Anna Mark had pressed upon me, one that had been left behind on the night of the attack, silver-mounted and a gentlemanly weapon, though without crest or device. With the pinch of powder I primed and cocked it, and was just setting it in the holster again when a voice said at my left hand, 'So you are a soldier already. You travel armed, I see—a very excellent habit in these uncertain times.'

The speaker was Saul Mark, habited in a long cloak of black, and wearing a hat with a feather. He was mounted on the very grey horse my father used to ride in the old days before my grandfather's death.

Whereupon, being glad of companionship, I told Saul Mark how I had come by the weapon, and he was interested greatly to hear of the attack and all that concerned it. I told him also of Little Anna's bravery, and how she had delivered me from the dead man come alive again.

'Ah, lad,' he said, 'you have in you the true stuff for adventure. I can see that. 'Tis the greater pity that you will be a rich man, and never know the sweets of travel, save in a coach and four as it were, or see stranger places than the cities between here and London.'

I told him that, on the contrary, I had a natural inclination for the sea (which indeed most boys have), and that I hoped to enter His Majesty's navy and help to fight the French.

'That is good enough,' he said gravely, 'but there is better.'

Then there at once was I all agog to know what could be better or more adventurous than fighting the French in the Royal Navy.

He leaned towards me a little as I gaped open-mouthed at him from the back of my jogging beast.

'Did you ever hear of Sir Harry Morgan?'

'No,' I answered, much taken down by ignorance, 'who might he be?'

'He was a great buccaneer,' he answered in a hushed tone. 'Harry Morgan took Panama and many fine cities, and was a terror to the Spaniards all his days.'

'But there are no buccaneers now,' I said; 'and if there were, how am I to find them?'

'It is called privateering now,' he said; 'but it brings in the moidores and pieces-of-eight all the same.'

I was eager to hear more, but he seemed all at once to wax mightily reticent. So we rode silent to the gate of the city. Then he seemed to take a sudden resolution.

'I will tell him,' he murmured loud enough for me to hear. 'I care not what the captain says.'

He turned to me.

'Master Philip,' he said, 'if you are man to come with me to-night for half an hour, I will show you such a sight as no lad of your age in broad Scotland has seen. I have here in this town of Abercairn the treasure of Sir Henry Morgan the buccaneer, the spoil of a score of plundered cities. It is waiting safe transport across the North Water to Amsterdam, where the diamonds and precious stones are to be cut and reset. There are gold pieces of every tribe and denomination, arms and armour of all sorts, swords and daggers by the hundred, Indian dresses, bows and arrows, chain-mail, and leather-fringed dresses made for great Peruvian Incas. Many of these are of little value,' he added softly. 'I know not but that the captain might permit me to give you one or two of them to take home to your mother.'

'Who is the captain?' I said. 'I cannot go unless I know where I am going.'

'Oh,' said my companion lightly, 'take your horse to stable

first. He will not be needed to-night, and then come with me. You will surely not be afraid to go to the house of the chief magistrate of this city. He it is who is our receiver and super-cargo. Besides, you can bring your pistol.'

It seemed to me impossible that there could be the least danger in accompanying Saul Mark to the house of Provost Gregory Partan, shipowner and merchant of the town of Abercairn. And the thought of the suits of armour, the damascened swords, and above all the Indian bows and arrows tempted me beyond the power of words to express. I thought that if I could only show myself to Little Anna Mark in the costume of an Indian brave with feather plume, bow-and-arrow, and tomahawk all complete, there would be nothing more left to live for.

So I stabled my horse at the King's Arms, without waiting to inquire whether Will Bowman had returned or not. Saul Mark awaited me at the door.

'Follow me,' he said, 'and remember, be silent. This a secret we tell to but few. And there is a company of horse quartered in the town.'

We went down the High Street to the house of that dounce man Mr. Gregory Partan, shipmaster and merchant. My guide passed quickly to a side door under a low-browed arch which opened at the gable end of the Provost's house. He knocked twice.

After a moment the door was opened an inch, and I heard the rattle of a chain.

'Who's there?' said a voice.

'A friend to see Harry Morgan's treasure,' said Saul Mark.

'His name?'

'Master Philip Stansfield the Younger, whose mother lives in the Vennel.'

'A decent woman,' said a voice, 'let him come in and see the treasure.'

I recognised the Provost's voice. I had heard it often enough on the quay upraised in chaffering and badinage with the sailors and master-mariners of whom he had ever a number about him. So I felt safe, and my ideas of Saul Mark were much altered by the deference which I heard so important a man pay to him.

'Now, quiet,' he said, 'give me your hand. The first part of the way is dark.'

I followed him down a long passage, still further down a flight

of steps, and finally we stood on a hard floor of crumbly stone which rang hollow under foot.

'Wait a moment here till I get a light,' said my guide. He let go my hand, and left me standing there in the midst. The next moment a heavy door clanged behind him, and I heard the sound of shooting bolts.

'Saul—Saul Mark,' I cried, 'where are you?' Let me out! Let me out!

For now it came to me that I had been tricked. I called on the Provost till I was hoarse. I shouted entreaties, reproaches, threatenings. I felt all round the walls, bruising my hands as I did so. They were of stone and solid, yet with a curious crumbly, dryish feeling of grit everywhere. My prison house appeared to come to a point over my head. The iron door at the side by which I had entered was now blocked up by stones like the rest and quite indistinguishable.

The Egyptian dark of the place could be felt lying like a weight on the eyelids. Exhausted and desperate, I sat me down on the cold stone floor and wept.

(To be continued.)

